THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 15.

PASSING AWAY.

BY M. C. S.

The leaves have lost their Summer gloss,
And now are faded, dry and sere;
A brooding sense of nameless loss
Weighs on my heart while musing here—
Here, where my steps were wont to roam
The woodland paths at close of day,
While now the sun's last lingering glance
Is passing from the fields away.

Alas! the winds are growing cold
That once were soft and sweet and bland;
The lavish Autumn's faded gold
Is scattered wide across the land.
Ah me! the wind's complaining voice,
The barren fields, the leaf's decay,
Remind me that the waning year
Is passing from the earth away.

The old man sighs, "Alas, alas!"
His latter days are full of pain;
The Summer months, how swift they pass!
When will the warm sun shine again?
He shuts his aged eyes, and dreams
Himself once more a child at play.
He wakes again, and sighs, "Alas!
My life is passing swift away!"

"Ah me!" she sighs who smooths a braid
Of auburn or of chestnut hair;
"So long a time, and still a maid,
Who once was thought so wondrous fair!"
Again she turns, and in the glass
Sets right the shining braid astray:
"Ah me!" she sighs, "my precious youth
Is passing from my life away!"

"Too late!" grieves one whose cherished schemes
Were like the web the spider weaves;
"Too late, alas! my golden dreams
Have faded like the Autumn's leaves!"
The primrose of the later year
He dads unlike to that of May,
And sighs, "Alas! my castles all
Are crumbling, one by one, away!"

O Time! that dries our bitter tears,
And heals with joy our grief and pain,
Deal gently with our future years,
And bring us blessings in thy train.
So, while I shape this earnest prayer,
And close with it a worthless lay,
I find, e'en while I wove these rhymes,
One silent hour has passed away.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Perhaps so—but I know what she thinks. You are a man, Guy, and therefore will pretend to despise these fears; perhaps you do despise them; but rely upon it, that strange day was sent to portend ill to us, if ever ill was portended yet."

"Then, my dear, we will ward off the ill together. I will ward all ill from you, heaven helping me."

"We can ward it off in one way," said Alice; "it is the only way left to us."

"Well?" returned Guy, smiling.

"By never being more to each other than we are now," she whispered; "by getting the marriage annulled."

"What!" uttered Guy, a frown of mingled pain and astonishment displacing the smile upon his face.

"It could be done, Guy. And then we may laugh at the past storm, and have no fears."

"Your head must be still light from fever, Alice!"

She put out her left hand and clasped his arm. "Do not let us tempt Fate, Guy. That day was surely an omen of ill upon our union; as sure—as sure as anything can be in this world. And in what other light could the accident to me be regarded, but as an awful, interposed veto against my entering the abbey as its mistress?"

Guy had taken her left hand to hold between his, and was playing with her fingers. "It should have come sooner, then, if it had that intention," said he, gaily. "Do you see this?"

He held up her hand, so that she might see it; he had slipped on her wedding-ring. Alice strove to draw her hand away.

"Had Fate—as you call it—wished to interpose her veto upon your entering the abbey, she should have been rather prompt and not have waited until you were my wife."

"To treat it in that mocking way, Guy, is——wicked."

"Nay, my dear, I say nothing but the truth. If Fate, human or hobgoblin, owed us a grudge and set herself to scowl upon our marriage, she should not have been quite so dilatory. The interposition should have come before you quitted your mother's house and your mother's name."

"It is not too late, Guy; it may be managed. When I am well enough to be moved I can go back home with my mother."

Guy did his best to keep his anger within bounds. "Alice, you talk like a child. After having married me, come home to me, stopped with me, you think you could go back from it all, and become Alice Wylde again! What would the world say of you? Nothing laudable, I ween."

"You are cruel," was her tearful response. "I thought the Lord of Pomeroy deemed himself a gentleman."

"I hope he is one. But he is your husband."

"The marriage can be easily broken," she resumed, "for the Pomeroy influence is great at Rome; and you know, Guy, my heart never was in it. You shall wed a better wife, and I will be Alice Wylde again."

One of the haughty Pomeroy scowls came over the lord's face. "That you may seek, and wed, the renegade Rupert—who won your heart with his false vows, and carried its tales of credulity to amuse his real idol! who—who——"

Guy paused; his temper had overmastered him, but his senses were returning; in a calmer moment he would have bitten out his tongue, rather than have so taunted her, now she was his wife. He had never thought to speak the name of Rupert to her again; he wished it to be equally shunned by the one as by the other.

"You are generous!" she returned, speaking with scorn to keep down the tears. "Were I free as air, and Rupert Pomeroy came to me in his soul's repentance, pleading for love and pardon, I would trample him under foot, rather than listen. Had I a hope now to give to Rupert, I should never have consented to marry you."

The Lord of Pomeroy rose; his passion had changed to calmness. "I beg your pardon," he softly whispered; "in this interview we have each something to forgive the other. You should not so have spoken, Alice; my wife you have been made by your own vows and my wife you are. Anyone less ignorant of the ways of the world than you are, would never have thought of such a thing."

She burst into tears. "I am sure they all think we shall have dreadful luck."

"Oh, child, do not speak so. Not if I can shield you from it. Dry your tears. And when I come in again, my dearest, meet me as a friend; not as a foe."

He bent down and kissed her face, as he had done at entering, and quitted the room. Mrs. Wylde came into it, but Alice motioned her away, and said she was going to sleep; so she was left alone.

Droll sleep it was; a prolonged fit of sobs and tears. But Guy had left upon her hand the wedding ring; a sure earnest that she could not go from him.

Mrs. Wylde caught just the first two syllables of the word, separation, and was for applying a couple of blisters behind her daughter's ears, really believing her brain to be affected; she told her she deserved a good shaking for even imagining so great a scandal. Alice contrived to spin out the "getting well" to what Guy thought an interminable period. At length, Mrs. Wylde quitted the abbey, leaving a good private scolding for Alice behind her; and Alice assumed her proper station as the abbey's mistress.

And then Guy filled it with the guests that had been expecting to come ever since the wedding. Feasting was the order of the day; gaiety reigned; dinners, drives, dressing, and vanity. In the midst of this, all so dear to her pleasure loving heart, Alice was forgetting her fears of evil; and if she was not precisely in the seventh heaven of happiness as the wife of Guy, she was certainly not miserable. She loved gaiety; and the deference paid her, both as a bride and as the Lady of Pomeroy, turned her head with pleasure. The women envied, the men admired, Guy loved; and Alice Pomeroy's life was as one long dream of indulged vanity.

"Which is best, Lady of Pomeroy," Guy said to her one day, laughingly; "to reign here the abbey's mistress and my idolized wife, or to have gone back home again to be Alice Wylde?"

"I was ill and weak, dear Guy," she pleaded, "and the storm had so frightened me. I am glad to be here."

"You shall always be glad, my dearest, if it depend on me," whispered Guy. And Alice turned to him with a loving look, and a loving word. She had resolutely set herself to overcome the distaste she once felt for him, and she was succeeding.

* * * * * * *

"Joan," spoke the Honorable Mrs. Capel one day when the two sisters were together in the garden, "I do not like our new sister-in-law."

"No?" said Joan.

"Not at all. Do you?"

The question was pointedly put. In her heart of hearts, Joan did not like Alice Pomeroy, had never been able (in spite of her efforts) to bring herself to like her when she was Alice Wylde. But Joan was all for peace, for making the best of things, and therefore felt very unwilling to confess as much, even in confidence.

"And I wonder at Guy's infatuation," added Mrs. Capel.

The two sisters presented a contrast in looks. Isabel lively and beautiful; Joan grave of manner, hard of feature, and too tall for a woman. The one liked dress; the other shunned it. Look at them today; Isabel wears a delicate silk (too costly for her purse) that gleams and changes in the sun; Joan has on some delectable thick dull material of the sober color she favors—dark purple.

"Why do you not like her, Isabel?"

"Because I don't," laughed Mrs. Capel. "If that's not a sufficient reason, Joan, I hardly know that I can give another. There's something about her that jars against me; something that tells me she is not truthful; and certainly she is not a lady at heart."

"But, Isabel——"

"Well?"

"Alice is his wife; and though we may not like her as well as we could wish, only one thing remains—to make the best of it."

"Quite right—especially for you who will see more of her than I shall. My dear Joan, had he married a negress you would have said, Make the best of it."

"I daresay we shall like her in time—when she has shaken down into her place, and——"

"Become less assumptious, you would say. Is that a right word? Anyway, you know what I mean. She is eaten up with vanity; as her mother is with pretension. I don't believe the woman has ever before mixed with people of degree. But there—you need not knit your brow, Joan; all the talking in the world will not undo the marriage, so we'll just leave it. Guy has chosen the girl with his eyes open; and I hope with all my heart she will make him happy. But now, Joan, where is Sybilla Gaunt?"

Miss Pomeroy shook her head. She wished she knew.

"Can it be true that she lost her head?"

"Yes. Unfortunately."

"Well, I don't believe it."

"*There's no room to doubt, Isabel;* I tell it you; and I would almost as soon have had to tell it of myself."

"Where's Rupert?" resumed Mrs. Capel sharply.

"In London—and in some trouble, I fear."

"Debt, of course. It will always be so with Rupert. But—is it true that he and Sybilla left together?"

"No."

"What does Guy say to it all?"

"Nothing. He will not allow the subject to be mentioned. I can see that, from some cause or other, his heart is waging war with Rupert."

"I have no patience with Rupert. He is too thoughtless; he does not care what scrapes he gets into. I suppose you know that George's regiment is ordered to India. Dear George! I should so much like to have seen him. He is the best of them all, Joan."

Joan did not answer. She loved her brother George dearly, and was grieved that he should be going away for years. Her eyes seemed to have a far-off look in them, as they gazed at the narrow strip of blue sky seen above the high enclosing walls of the shrubbery, just as though she could see India up there.

"Guy is cold and domineering, Rupert fonder of the world than of home, Leolin just the least bit in the world selfish," went on Mrs. Capel, summing up the virtues of her brothers; "but George is good and winsome. And yet, he is the one that must go away from us over the seas!"

"It is ever thus, I think," said Joan. "Any pleasure we particularly wish for in this life is sure to be marred. George is the one we would have liked to keep near us, and George is the one to go."

On this same morning, it chanced that Alice Pomeroy with two of her younger guests was in her own special sitting-room; one that Guy had re-decorated so charmingly, just before the marriage, for his expected bride. Alice did not like dull and gloomy rooms, she said; so, to please her, he made this into a modern one. It was vastly pretty, no doubt; with its pink silk hangings, its mirrors and its nick-nacks; and it pleased Alice's eye; but it was sadly out of keeping with the grand and sombre old abbey.

Lady Lucy Hetley, a pretty girl, daughter of the Earl of Essington, sat on the music stool, talking and playing by turns; Miss Peters was standing at the window, some embroidery in her hand; and Alice lay back at ease in a costly arm chair slightly swaying one foot about, and doing nothing.

"Why don't you show us your wedding dress, Mrs. Pomeroy?" asked Lady Lucy, the conversation having turned to that all-important article in a young lady's eyes.

"I will if you like. Come into my dressing-room," she remarked, opening drawers and wardrobes; "but I declare I've never thought of the dress since my wedding-day. I fancy mamma said something about its having been hurt by the wet."

"No wonder you have not thought of it—with such a termination as the day had," said Mary Peters. "I think I should have died of fright in the carriage."

"Oh, you can't imagine what it was!" returned Alice, slightly shuddering. "What with the dreadful storm and the furious horses, I—I don't know how I lived through it. Guy turned my face down upon him and kept it there, so that I should not see. But for him I should have jumped out of the carriage. I have wondered since that Guy could have been so calm himself. But now—where can my dress be?—where have they put it? I must ring for Theresa."

Theresa came in, quiet-looking as usual, in her close cap and neat grey gown. When asked about the wedding dress, she said it was in the large wardrobe closet near the end of the wing. At this news, away went the three young ladies to the closet, and Mrs. Pomeroy threw open the door.

It was hanging just in front of them as they entered; the once beautiful dress of rich white silk with its costly white lace flounces, now shrunken, muddy, and yellow with the wet and dirt. The young ladies stood contemplating it with dismayed faces.

"What a sad pity!" breathed Miss Peters.

"But the flounces do not seem torn; at least, they are not on this side," observed Lady Lucy. "They might be cleaned and renovated."

She turned the skirt slightly, and bent forward to look further. Something must have startled her, for she dropped it suddenly and drew back with a faint scream.

"It is covered with blood," she shuddered, turning her pale face towards Mrs. Pomeroy.

"With blood?"

"A long stream, from the top to the flounces. I—I don't like to see blood."

Curiosity, even to look at disagreeable sights, is irrepressible, and both Mrs. Pomeroy and Mary Peters pressed forward. It was as Lucy Hetley said; a long, dark, ugly stain. They shut the closet door in trepidation, almost as though they were shutting in a ghost, turned the key, and hastened back to the dressing-room.

"I can't account for it—for what should bring that mark there; I cannot understand it one bit," spoke Alice Pomeroy from the low chair on which she had sunk down.

"You must have been wounded."

"But I was not. Nothing was hurt but my head, and that did not bleed. It must have come on the dress in the closet."

This sounded so very ghostly a suggestion, carrying them back to the times of Mrs. Radcliffe and all kinds of unearthly thoughts, that they drew together, although it was broad daylight. The young Lady of Pomeroy was feeling somewhat uncomfortable. Dormant in her heart, lay the seeds of a superstition that might be nourished in time to be formidable.

"Do you know anything about the stain on my dress, Theresa?" she lifted her head to ask.

"My lady, no."

Mrs. Pomeroy impulsively ran off in search of her husband. He was alone in the library, writing a letter. Alice went behind his chair, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Guy, how did that—that frightful stain come upon my bridal dress? Do you know?"

Guy laid down his pen, and drew the hand to him with a caressing movement. "What stain, my darling?"

"Of blood," she whispered. "A long, frightful stain all down it. The dress is altogether spoiled."

"Won't it wash?"

"Wash!" she exclaimed, amazed at the ignorance of mankind. "But we can't think where it came from, Guy. I was not wounded."

"I was," replied Guy. He pushed aside the hair from his right temple and exhibited a mark that he would retain for life.

"That is where it came from, Alice. As I held you up, the blood ran down upon your dress without my observing it."

She heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh yes, that's how it was then. We have been thinking it must have got on mysteriously in the closet. Such things have been heard of, you know, Guy. The old story-books are full of them."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Guy laughing. "Never mind your spoiled dress, love; we will buy another."

"Ah, Guy—you can't buy me another wedding dress," she answered, a strange mournfulness in her tone. "And it is a sad pity that that stain should have come upon it; all things bode ill luck together."

"You foolish girl; you silly, silly child," he uttered fondly. "My coat came off the worst. As to ill luck—you are a Pomeroy now. And ill luck is a thing we don't think about, we Pomeroys."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PREDICTION.

The marriage festivities came to an end; the guests departed, and the young Lady of Pomeroy was alone.

She did not like to be alone. She liked show and state and glitter and vanity. The abbey had been filled with these desirable acquisitions when she married Guy Pomeroy; in fact, it may with justice be said that she married him to obtain them. It was all very well to be the Lady of Pomeroy; to be conscious that she filled that exalted position in the county; to be called "my lady" by the servants more often than "madam;" very gratifying indeed, all this, to her vain heart, but she craved for something more.

Guy was to have taken his wife to town when the festivities were over, that she might be presented at the late drawing room in June. To be presented at court seemed to Alice Wylde one of the few great and desirable and unattainable ends of this life; for we are writing of many years ago, when it was not the custom for every Mrs Smith and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown to intrude there. Of all the honors she would drop into by the marriage, that was looked upon as the chiefest; and it was the one she most ardently hungered for.

But now—see how fate and fortune cheat us! Any thing so intensely coveted as Alice coveted that, is all too often never realised. Some adverse cross or other is sure to step in and frustrate it. In this case it was the illness arising from the accident on the wedding day. Long before the guests had come and gone after her recovery, the Queen's drawing-rooms were over. Alice perforce stayed where she was and made the best of Pomeroy Abbey. But, as the time went on, she found it insufferably dull.

Take to-day as a specimen. It is rather a gloomy day in November, just on a par with the gloomy abbey itself, and Alice feels bored to death. Guy went out shooting with early morning; he may come in to luncheon, or he may not; there's no telling; and Alice sits at the window and looks out on the dreary landscape—dreary it ever seems to her. She is dressed to perfection; a gown of soft grey cachemere, trimmed very much with pink silk, and a coquettish cap of pink ribbon and white lace upon her pretty hair. But where's the use of being dressed to perfection when no admiring eyes are near to view it?—the question rang grumblingly through Alice's thought rather too often. She is not reading; she is not working. The latter she detests; the former also—unless, indeed, it be a foolish novel, one of those poor and silly ones that a mind of ordinary intellect can hardly bear to read. In dressing, flirting, and vapid speech she was an adept; but these will not carry a woman happily through life. Alice's intellect was, in truth, not of the highest order; but Guy had not yet found it out. That he would discover it fast enough in time, was to be supposed; for he was clever himself, and she could never be a companion to him. Now and then he did already think her rather silly.

"Why can't they address me as Lady Pomeroy?" she said to him one day in a fractious tone, upon receiving a note whose superscription did not please her.

"Because you are not Lady Pomeroy, Alice. You are Mrs. Pomeroy."

"You are addressed as the Lord of Pomeroy?"

"I am always so addressed in writing. You may be addressed as the Lady of Pomeroy, or as Mrs. Pomeroy—as people please."

"Then I don't like to be addressed as Mrs. Pomeroy," pouted Alice. "I ought to be Lady Pomeroy."

"Don't be silly, child," said Guy, slightly knitting his brow. "The title is personally accorded me in courtesy and from long-established usage; it does not confer any benefit upon those connected with me."

This was not a solitary instance—but others need not be mentioned. And we return to Alice, seated in her salon on the dark November day.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, with a prolonged yawn, "how dull everything is!"

For the past two or three weeks, Mrs. Pomeroy had not felt well, which tended to increase her lassitude. When she complained, her mother, and all the gossips who dared, told her she must be patient; her indisposition was only what might be expected. But there sits Alice to-day, feeling out of sorts, dreary, dull, and with nothing in the world to do.

"Theresa," she called out, as a footstep passed the half-open door.

But it was the housekeeper who looked in. "It is not Theresa," she said. "Does the lady require anything that I can do for her?"

"Where is Theresa?"

"She is gone over to the White House, my lady."

"What a long time she stays there! She ought to have been back ever so long ago. No, I don't want anything. Send Theresa in when she does come."

Mrs. Rex met Theresa in the corridor. "Your lady is asking for you," she said to her. "Go in at once, for she seems impatient."

"My lady always is impatient now," thought Theresa. "I suppose I may take off my bonnet first."

"Well, what news have you?" began Alice, sharply, as the maid appeared. "How is mamma?"

"She is quite well, madam, and sends her love to you. As to news, I have not brought any."

"Did you get the bracelet?"

"No, madam, and they can't find it anywhere. Mrs. Wylde thinks you must have dropped it on getting into the carriage, or on getting out of it. She says she saw it on your arm when the lord was putting on your opera cloak in the hall."

The previous evening, Alice and Guy had dined with Mrs. Wylde. After her return home, when undressing, Alice missed one of her bracelets. It was a band of filigree gold, the clasp set with pearls. After breakfast this morning, she had despatched Theresa to the White House, believing she must have left it there.

"Mamma says she saw it on my arm when my cloak was being put on, does she? I daresay I dropped it in the hall. I daresay they have not half looked."

"Indeed, my lady, we looked well; looked in every crick and corner of it."

"Well, you must find it, Theresa. If it's not there it must be elsewhere."

"I would be too glad to find it, madam," heartily responded Theresa; "though I'm sure I don't know where to look. The lord said just now——"

"Have you seen the lord?" interrupted Alice.

"He was crossing the upper field with Mr. Gaunt and the two keepers, just as I left the White House," explained Theresa. "I told him that the bracelet was not found, and he said it had recurred to his memory that in coming home last night, you put your arm out of the carriage window to feel whether it still rained. He thinks it may have dropped off then."

"Did I," said Alice; "I'm sure I forget. If it did drop off then, some thief may have picked it up."

"And the lord desired me to say that he would not be in to luncheon, madam," added Theresa, as she withdrew. "They were going to have some at the upper covers."

The Lady of Pomeroy sat on again, yawning and sighing and looking at the dreary landscape till lunch time. That meal taken, for form's sake, for her appetite was not as good as it used to be, she returned to her place in the morning-room, and yawned through the afternoon, done to death nearly with ennui, at the lack of something to do. She had no resources within herself; she seemed to have no object to live for.

Towards dusk the lost bracelet was brought in. One of the village laborers, going forth in the morning to his day's work, had picked it up in the highway; dropped there no doubt when she had put her arm out of the carriage the previous evening.

And thus the time, the days and the weeks, interspersed with a little receiving and visiting, contrived to pass for Mrs. Pomeroy. The visiting might have been a little more extensive, but that somehow or other she was not so popular as she might have been. Whether it was that the old country families resented her want of birth and regarded her as somewhat of an interloper amongst them; or whether it was herself they did not like, certain it was, that Alice was not courted so much as one might have expected the Lord of Pomeroy's wife to be.

The winter passed, spring followed, and summer came round again. There is little of event to tell that could interest the reader. Alice was in delicate health; her presentation at court had again to be postponed. Visiting abroad and entertaining guests at home had alike to be given up by her, for she could do nothing but nurse herself and her sickness. But Guy was in a wondrous flow of spirits, for there was expected an heir to Pomeroy.

One evening in June, when Guy was dining out, Alice, after her own dinner, went into the oak room, which faced the quadrangle. The sun was setting in a sky of crimson and gold: Alice could see the brightness over the opposite side of the abbey—the west wing. It has been already said that the front pile and the north pile were alone inhabited. The south wing was not habitable so far as furniture went; the west wing was not habitable, and had the reputation of being haunted. Sitting there alone, Mrs. Pomeroy's thoughts wandered to the vast extent of the abbey—and what an army of servants it must have taken to fill it when fully inhabited in the days gone by. She remembered a boast she had once made—that should she ever be the abbey's mistress she would cause it to be renovated, so that the country should not know it again. Opposite to her was the west wing, and those rooms she had never seen. A sudden inclination came over her to look at them now, this very evening. More than once she had asked Guy to take her over those rooms; he always answered that he would on the first opportunity—but somehow the opportunity never came. One grave request he had made to her; nay it was a command—*that she would not attempt to go up without him.* This came into her mind now.

"As if it could signify," decided Alice at last, after pondering the matter a minute or two. "Guy's only afraid I should hurt myself, going up those narrow stairs. Yes, I will go; and old Jerome must attend me with the keys."

Jerome, summoned by his lady to show her over the west wing, appeared in a state of intense astonishment, holding in his hand a huge bunch of keys. He was custodian of the abbey.

"Had not the lady better defer her visit till the morrow?" asked Jerome. "It will soon be dark."

"Not at all, Jerome; I am going now," answered Mrs. Pomeroy.

They proceeded through the cloisters of the north wing, to the north tower. Jerome fumbled over his keys; and, unlocking the door, they ascended the narrow staircase of the tower, Mrs. Pomeroy folding her skirts closely around her, and from thence passed into the west wing. Peering about her in the dim light, Mrs. Pomeroy saw, as she and Jerome passed through the room, that they yet bore some scant remains of furniture, though the hangings were dropping to pieces. When they came to the last room—Jerome called it so—Mrs. Pomeroy detected a small door at its end covered with tapestry.

"Jerome," she exclaimed, "this must lead into the west tower."

The old man had turned to one of the windows, and was looking steadfastly down into the court. Mrs. Pomeroy repeated her remark. "This door, Jerome. Open it."

"That room is never entered," he replied.

"Never entered!" returned Mrs. Pomeroy. "Why not? I shall enter it."

"I have not the key," returned Jerome.

"Where is it, then?"

Jerome hesitated. "Maybe—maybe the lord keeps it. That's the haunted room, madam."

Mrs. Pomeroy had heard of the haunted room, both before she entered the abbey and since. Not being so much of a believer in immaterial bodies as she was in weather signs and such-like omens, she became possessed with a strong desire to explore it.

"Has the lady never heard that apparitions have been seen?" returned Jerome, in a tone of awe.

"Apparitions don't come before the sun has set," promptly replied the Lady of Pomeroy. "You go back, Jerome, and hunt among all that heap of keys in that key closet of yours, and find the right one."

Jerome had no power to say he would not go. He turned unwillingly, and attempted to take the bunch of keys which hung to the lock; the lock of the room they were in. No: try as he would, he could not take it out; the key that he had himself put into the lock adhered to it.

"You do not want those keys to find the other key," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "Leave them where they are."

"I think this key will only come out when the door's closed and locked," muttered Jerome, trying ineffectually still.

He went away at length. Mrs. Pomeroy, as much to pass the time as anything, touched the keys, and out they came. "What a curious thing that Jerome could not do it!" thought she. "They seemed to fall into my hand. That old man must be getting stupid."

She held them, and read their labels, which indicated the particular room each belonged to. On one, however, was simply written "The Key." "The key?" debated Mrs. Pomeroy, "that must be the key of the haunted room, I should think. I'll try it."

She drew aside the hangings, inserted it in the lock, and, with a harsh, grating sound, the door flew open, the wind and the dust blowing unpleasantly in the face of Mrs. Pomeroy.

She shrank back. Her courage failed. By daylight or by dark, it is not pleasant to a mind where any superstition exists to enter alone a "haunted" room. Mrs. Pomeroy went back to the casement and stood looking into the court. There she saw Bridget; obeying an impulse, she pulled open, with some trouble, the casement, trellised with its small panes, and signed to her to come up. Bridget looked thunderstruck at seeing her lady there, but obeyed the signal, came through the north cloisters, ascended the stairs of the north tower, passed through the west rooms, and joined her.

"Hold these hangings back for me," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "They are nothing but a cloud of dust."

The woman obeyed, but with a wondering gesture. "Does the Lady of Pomeroy know what this room is?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pomeroy, passing in. "Come with me, Bridget."

It was a small, circular room, panelled with dark mahogany. A narrow casement faced the quadrangle; but, like the other rooms, there was no look-out to the opposite side, the open country. The room was completely furnished with velvet that had once been red, but was now dark with age; chairs, a broad couch or settle, and a centre table, all were covered and hung with the velvet, which appeared to be dropping away. Mrs. Pomeroy saw no signs of haunting apparitions: all that struck her, was the smallness of the room. She remarked upon it.

"The tower walls are thick, madam."

"What is that?" she asked, as her eyes became accustomed to the dark walls. "Why, that is a cloth, a velvet cloth, drawn over one of the panels."

"The picture is underneath," whispered Bridget, in an awe struck tone—for she had her superstitions, like the rest of them.

"What picture is underneath?"

"The nun's, madam. She who was said to haunt the room. Would the lady like to look at it?"

Mrs. Pomeroy signified her assent. Bridget caught up the velvet and held it aside, disclosing a half-length figure, habited as a nun. The face was young, fair, and most lovely; but a strangely mournful and stern expression sat in the dark blue eyes, which were fixed full on the spectators. The lips were slightly open, and one delicate hand was held up in a warning attitude.

"She is saying 'Beware,'" whispered Bridget, who appeared to be afraid of the picture hearing her.

Mrs. Pomeroy laughed. "I do not hear her," she answered; "but fancy goes a great way. Beware of what!"

"It is what she is supposed to be saying, madam, according to the tradition. But why, or to whom she is saying it, has never been decided."

"What is her history?"

"She lived in the reign of one of the Georges—the first or second, I think," began Bridget, delighted at having to tell the tale. "She was brought up in the convent and had taken the veil, though only seventeen; when in some way she fell in with him who was then Lord of Pomeroy. It was said to be at the fire, for the convent was partly burned down, and the nuns had to escape in the night."

"Was it this convent?—our convent?" interrupted Mrs. Pomeroy. "That we can see from here?"

"Yes, madam, this very convent. Though nigh upon a hundred years must have elapsed, the sisters there will tell you tales now that have come down to them of that trying misfortune. This young nun forgot her vows, madam, and ran away with the Lord of Pomeroy, to be his wife. He married her in secret, and he brought her to these rooms in the west wing; this tower room being hers. The lord doted on her, it is said, and he had this picture taken of her in her convent dress, and hung up here; but, when it was too late, she found out he had played her false, for he had a wife already, that he was separated from. She went crazed, poor thing, all in one night, and she threw herself out of this very window, and was taken up dead in the court below."

Mrs. Pomeroy looked at the window. "She never could have got through that narrow half casement, Bridget. The other half does not open."

"It is certain that she did, madam; she was young and slight. For years afterwards, during that lord's lifetime, she was seen at this same window on a moonlight night—the moon often shines full on these west tower windows; the lady knows they face the east—her light hair hanging over her neck, and wringing her hands, as it is said she did wring them, before she leaped out. But after the lord died, she never came again—as some say. Others say she did come, and does: my old aunt Naomi for one."

"How is it you are so well acquainted with these old histories?" questioned Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Why, madam, I have known them all my life—at least, since I grew old enough to be trusted. We Rexes know as much of the abbey's secrets and sayings as there is to know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARS POESON.—People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the public brain. The fact is, that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which, if allowed to remain for a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter.

CURIOUS FACTS.—Two clocks set ageing on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other; and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time, will resume its vibrations, and, in its turn, stop that of the other clock. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibrations communicated from the one pendulum to the other through the shelf, or rail, or plank on which they both rest. It has also been found that two conflicting sounds produce silence, as two converging rays of light produce darkness.

THE SHAM TUTOR.

A group of three sat in a parlor one afternoon. Lucy Leedom, the eldest, an interesting blonde of eighteen years, was coloring photographs. Tom, a curly haired boy of fourteen, was surreptitiously taking her portrait in pencil, as a surprise, for this was her birthday; while little cripple Charlie, the younger brother, was copying music.

"There's a knock at the door," said Charlie, whose quick ear was the first to catch the sound.

"C-come in," cried Lucy, who had an impediment in her speech.

Presently the door opened, and a small ragged messenger put in his head.

"Miss Leslie says she wishes to see you particklar to-day."

"Very well. Say that I shall be there, soon," said Lucy.

"Oh, bother it, Lucy," cried impulsive Tom; "let Mrs. Leslie wait. She can't expect you to be running after her all day long. Why don't her own friends look after her?"

"Because she is poor, I suppose. Think how lonely she is and bedridden. She is very grateful, poor creature."

"I dare say," said Tom.

"You won't be long, Lucy, will you?" asked Charlie.

"No, dear, I won't."

And Lucy left her brothers to put the finishing touches to their compositions.

The Leedoms had seen better days. The boys were too young to remember this; but Lucy wasn't. Her father was a prosperous merchant, until the subtle allurements of drink led to his ruin. Then her mother died of a broken heart. The father followed soon after, destroyed by his enslaver, leaving Lucy little more than a child, almost penniless and friendless, to provide for her two little brothers.

The children inherited talent. Lucy would have become a teacher, but could not leave her young brothers; and her stammering speech was another impediment against accepting a position. She therefore struggled along in the lower walks of art, and by coloring photographs and modest attempts at landscape painting made enough to keep them from want. Detecting the latent talent of her brothers, she longed and worked hard to give them a special education to enable them to make the mark that she felt certain could be accomplished by perseverance like theirs.

"I am so glad to see your bright face," said Mrs. Leslie, as Lucy entered. "I don't feel at all well, and have been dreaming of coffins—a sure sign that something bad is going to happen."

"Dreams always go by contraries. I should say it means a marriage," said Lucy, laughing, to cheer her friend, as she sat down for a long chat.

Widow Leslie had long been an humble friend of the Leedoms; but poverty had since placed them more on a level, and drawn her and Lucy together. She could sympathize with the orphaned girl, for she, too, had her private sorrows in the death of her husband, and the loss of her only son, who had run from home and gone to sea in a vessel which was soon after lost, with all hands, on the shores of Australia ten years before. She still hoped, however, that he would one day return.

So Lucy interested herself for her in various ways, and it was dusk before she returned, and Tom and Charlie's patience was exhausted long before she opened the door of their apartments.

But it was well that she had stayed so long to lighten Mrs. Leslie's load, for it was her last chance. The old lady was found dead next morning, having passed away quietly and in solitude, with no hands to close her eyes save those of her Maker.

Lucy followed her friend to the grave and sorrowed for her. Tom and Charlie went too, and joined in her regret; for it was only their affection for their sister which made them loth to lose her company and the time spent in the widow's sick room.

"Lucy, here is such a big letter! It's for you—Miss Lucy Leedom! What can it mean?" cried Tom, a few mornings after as the postman handed in the missive.

Lucy opened it, and read thus:—

"MADAM,—

"We desire your presence in our chambers at your earliest convenience, regarding the settlement of the estate of the late Mrs. Hugh Leslie.

"We are, yours respectfully,
"DEED, QUIBBLE & DODGE."

"I told you how it would be, Lucy; the lawyers want to make you pay for her funeral," said Tom.

"They're not likely to make a fortune out of a poor artist," laughed Lucy.

To the great astonishment of the Leedoms and chagrin of the few relatives which Mrs. Leslie had left, the latter had bequeathed a legacy of ten thousand dollars to Lucy, provided her son did not return in a year from the date of her death. No one suspected that Mrs. Leslie had a penny, beyond a miserable Government pittance. She had hoarded her money for her son, never out of her thoughts.

This was a great windfall to the Leedoms, though they could not touch the money for a year. But six months of the time had scarcely fled when one morning saw Tom and Charlie in tears, and Lucy sitting sadly in a corner with another large letter from Deed, Quibble & Dodge. Mrs. Leslie's son had turned up, after all, to claim the anticipated legacy. The lawyers said there was no doubt of his identity. He had been the only one saved when the Wanderer was wrecked; and had managed to reach a sheep farm, where the squatters gladly employed him at good wages. He became wealthy and had returned home; but too late to see her and ask her forgiveness.

The disappointment of the Leedoms was not unmitigated. The senior partner of the firm of Deed, Quibble & Dodge called on Lucy at an early day to apologise for the non-appearance of their client, who had urgent business to attend to, that would prevent him from paying his respects to his mother's dearest friend. He offered, however, to defray any expense which Lucy might incur in educating her brothers, and recommended a tutor for them, a personal friend of his own.

At first mention of this, Lucy's pride rebelled. But more sober after-thoughts prevailed, and made her accept his kind proposition, for the sake of her brothers. And thus Mr. Melbourne was duly installed, and went daily to teach his pupils.

Melbourne soon won their hearts and became a great favorite, although it must be confessed that the progress they made was due more to their own diligence and aptitude than to his help. Indeed, the tutor before long seemed to devote himself more to helping Lucy with her artistic studies than to the lessons of the two boys.

One day, as the latter were solving some problem, their preceptor and sister were sitting in a corner, busy over some photographs, and conversing in low tones, for the handsome tutor had already gained Lucy's affections.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Melbourne presently.

"Did I?" replied Lucy. "I often do, for no reason. It's a habit of mine."

"Lucy," said Melbourne, taking her hands in his, "will you let me share your joys and sorrows? Will you be my little wife?"

Lucy looked down and tried to answer, but the "yes" would not come. She could only hide her blushing face in his breast, near the heart to which she had already given her own. All this was so quietly done that it was unobserved by the boys, who were too deeply exercised in their studies to notice anything else. Presently, however, Charlie spoke:

"I say, Tom, I don't think Mr. Melbourne knows much about this himself. Anyway he doesn't help us a bit."

"He's a jolly good fellow, anyway," answered Tom.

"Yes he is, but I don't fancy he's much of a tutor," retorted Charlie.

This subdued conversation was interrupted by a loud laugh from Melbourne who had heard every word.

"Now, Tom, Charlie, work away, and don't be idle," he said, and turned again to their sister.

"Can you forgive me, Lucy?" he asked.

"For what?"

"For deceiving you. Melbourne is an assumed name. I am Hugh Leslie, your old playmate. I thought you might recognize me. But you didn't. Time has altered me much. I saw you in Deed, Quibble & Dodge's rooms and resolved to win you; but feared that the disappointment regarding my mother's bequest would perhaps prejudice you against me, and so ventured on the ruse which will be completely successful only if you'll forgive me. I longed to have you love me for myself alone."

Lucy forgave, and ratified it with a kiss, which was followed by a loud guffaw from Tom, who accidentally looked up just then and caught them in the act.

The boys were accordingly let into the secret and had great fun over the subject of the sham tutor, who, had, however, taught them well all that he knew, for his early education was thorough, and travel and natural intelligence had not been thrown away on him.

Lucy's marriage, which took place soon after, relieved her anxiety regarding herself and her brothers; for not only Mrs. Leslie's legacy, but her son became hers, and his wealth. Mr. Mayall had to employ a new photograph tinter, for Lucy had now entered the higher walks of art, and painted leisurely in oil for pastime only, while Tom is now a prominent portrait painter and Charlie bids fair to be a famous composer.

Only Too True.

BY EMMA RHODES.

It was one of Mark's cloudy days. That was what he called them when he felt "out of order" and could not work.

He had shut himself up in his studio and would not let me enter it.

I felt sad and heavy of heart—perhaps because no one needed my presence—and taking the needlework, from which it seemed my fingers were never to be free, I went out and sat down under the shade of the sweetbriar hedge, in sight of our neighbor, Mr. Raymond's orchard, whose wealth of snowy bloom made all the air redolent with delicious scent.

Poor Mark! How all our thoughts turn upon the hinge of that secret joy or sorrow which lies concealed within us! I loved Mark now as well as in the days I wedded him, but I did not honor him as I did then.

Alas, that I should have grown to say it!—to find out how unstable he was.

Who was so noble as Marcus Kerrison? who so stable, energetic, persevering as he—or as he seemed—when he came a-courting at my father's little rustic vicarage!

"You won't object to me because I am in a shipping house, will you sir?" he said to my father in his ingenuous way. "I gain five hundred a year now, and I daresay I shall be a partner before long."

And my father took him by the hand and said he honored men who were in business, and led useful lives.

So we married. And in less than a year Mark had thrown up his good post, and—taken to painting!

Four years had rolled by since then; and Mark was twenty-nine years of age and I six-and-twenty.

The two little ones, frail as those blossoms falling in the orchard, had been taken from us early, one after the other.

Perhaps it was as well. Nevertheless my tears still fell fast for them.

Mark was one of those unfortunate beings who, possessing the soul of a true artist, are yet denied the power that makes an artist successful.

He thought he was a genius. He thought that if he painted pictures, he would become rich and famous.

When his mind became unsettled, he grew to hate the routine of the office, the plodding industry of his daily life. So he threw it all up one unlucky day, and set up a studio.

Still Mark had a good, noble, generous heart, if he had not been led away by this ignis-fatuus—this idea that he was made to be great and famous!

Meanwhile we must live; and our house had been given up, and its contents sold piecemeal, as we wanted money.

"Never mind, Helen," he would say; "I shall have bags of gold some time."

We lived now in a tiny cottage near to Henry Raymond's, who was the second partner in the shipping house.

It was wearing towards the close of that blessed afternoon in May, when I rose to go home, strengthened and comforted.

I saw nothing of Mark when I entered: he was still in his room.

I set about preparing our evening meal—a labor quickly accomplished, for there was little to prepare.

Tea and bread and butter do not take long—but I made a potato salad for Mark. How poor we had got to be!

Putting the vase of flowers upon the table, as Mark loved to see them, I went up to call him.

He was seated before an unfinished painting of that scene in the temple, described by St. John, where the woman charged with sin is brought before the Master for judgment and condemnation.

The drooping head, and penitent, deprecating attitude of the Magdalen, and the fearful, baffled face of her last accuser retreating slowly from the temple, were perfect in themselves, but the figure of Jesus, lifting himself up to inquire of the woman for those who had arraigned her, was faintly delineated, and the artist's inspiration seemed to have failed when most needed. I often thought it a pity Mark chose these ambitious subjects; he might have succeeded better in simple ones. But it made him cross to say so.

"Shall you be able to do this, Mark?"

"No," he frankly answered. "I cannot portray the infinite mercy, tenderness, and compassion of that countenance—but I see it in my mind. It is of no use to drop your lip, Helen."

And so, after another day of struggling work—and failure, the picture, doomed to incompleteness, was thrust ignominously aside, as so many others were thrust; and some fresh canvas appeared upon the easel.

There was nothing but bread-and-butter that evening; but Mark heeded it not. His face brightened as he sat opposite the open window, through which the glory of the fading day streamed, and he chatted gaily.

When the meal was over, I seated myself at the western window, on which the rosy hues of the sunset were softly stealing, and took up the embroidery upon which I had been busy all the afternoon. It was a fresh piece—a baby's robe to be elaborately worked. Mark frowned.

"Always preoccupied, always at work!" he said. "What's it for?"

"The christening robe for Mrs. Calthorpe's baby."

Mark started up in a passion. "Helen! How often have I told you I would not have you lower yourself to work for people! That upstart, vulgar Mrs. Calthorpe! Why, she is not fit to tie your shoe string!"

"But she is rich, Mark. She pays liberally."

"I don't like you to do it, Helen. Just as if you were only a common seamstress!"

"We must have bread, Mark. We are not ethereal enough yet to live without it."

"Bread! Is the money all gone that Hadley paid me for that little picture?"

"Why, yes, Mark. Two-thirds of it went in things you wanted for your painting-room."

Mark sat pulling his whiskers and gazing at me. I knew how much he hated these domestic details. His tone became gentle—his eyes moist.

"When that picture I am contemplating is painted—which I have begun to-day—when that gets into the exhibition, and purchased, then I shall repay you for all these sacrifices, Helen."

"You will never get a picture into the exhibition, Mark."

"How discouragingly you speak! It had not used to be so, Helen. Time was when when you were interested in my plans, and cheered me on with hopeful and approving words.

"Oh, Mark, believe me! If in my secret heart I could acknowledge that Heaven had bestowed upon you a talent to cultivate, no words would be too strong to encourage you, and no sacrifice that I could make, in the cause of your advancement, would be too great. But think of the years—the precious legacy of time—frittered away in idle dreams and useless toils. What have you accomplished? Has any good been gained? Has anyone been benefitted by your labors? Have any great and sublime thoughts been disseminated through your devotion to this same art, for which you sacrifice yourself. Rouse yourself from these delusive dreams. Throw them off. Turn to some manly and useful employment, which will benefit yourself and make the world better for you and for me."

No reply. We sat a few moments in silence. I went on with my work again. Presently Mark came across, kissed my forehead without speaking, and shut himself into his studio.

The days went on. Mark shut himself up more than ever; I tried to do well all I had to do, spite of my dreary heart.

At last there came a break in this monotony. It was towards the close of a beautiful day in June, that sweetest of months. Alas! it had not been sweet to me. I was standing at the open door, plucking the yellow leaves from a honeysuckle which twined about the trelliswork, wondering whether I might venture to see after Mark, for he had not been down since early morning, when I heard his step behind me. Turning, I met his blazing eyes and felt the clasp of his burning hand as it took mine.

"Will you come to the studio, Helen?"

He pulled me almost fiercely after him, threw open the door, and drew me in.

"See, Helen, I have completed a picture. Your bitter words have wrought much good."

But as Mark spoke, he reeled with sudden faintness, and caught at the back of a chair. Steadying himself, he added, half petulantly—"Why are you looking with such a face at me? Look at the picture, I shall never paint another."

So I turned to the picture, not yet dry from the finishing touches. The centre figure was a wild eyed, eager-looking boy, stretching out his arms towards a beautiful phantom. A phantom whose bewildering face rose like an alluring star from a mass of clouds, which rolled even to the feet of the madly-pursuing worshipper. At the right stood a form less fair and ethereal than the vision in the clouds, but calm, lofty and dignified, with the implements of industry and labor scattered about her, and her great earnest eyes gazing honestly and fearlessly into the misty distance. In the background stood another figure—a woman, with more of the mortal about her than distinguished the others, watching the deluded youth, and seeming to reason and to plead with him.

"Is it a true picture, Helen?"

"Yes, I said, drawing a deep breath, "it is a true picture."

"And what of the execution?"

Ah, I doubted there. But praised that. How could I do else seeing him as he was now?

"You look weary and sick, dear Mark, and you have tasted nothing to-day. Come down now; I have something all ready and waiting for you."

"No," he replied, "I want nothing but rest. My head feels strangely. Only rest. Let me rest."

He staggered to our little bedroom, and lay down in his clothes. Only at night could I get him to undress, and some tea that I took him he would not touch. Water, only water, he said; that cost nothing. All night he was tossing feverishly to and fro. In the morning I ran out and got the gardener's boy next door to go for Doctor Pine.

He came at once, and looked grave. Mark was very ill indeed, he said. It was fever of some kind—brain or nervous.

Oh, it was a terrible illness! My poor husband! For long days and nights the fever held him. I thought, we all thought, he would have died in the struggle. And what would have become of him or of me without the Raymonds, and how much they did for us, heaven only knew.

The madness and the sickness passed away. Weak and helpless as a little child, Mark was given back to me. My whole soul went up in thankfulness.

One day when Mark had grown strong enough to sit at the open window, I was at work on a stool by his side; he drew me to him, kissed me tenderly, and told me how pale and thin I had grown.

"But it is all over, now Helen, that old mistake. I am going to be a man."

"Oh, Mark, forgive, forgive me!"

"Forgive you what, my darling?"

"Don't you know? Don't you mean—what I said that evening?"

"What you said was just what I needed, Helen. I had been indistinctly thinking so myself for some little time before. I was not prepared to acknowledge the truth then, but I felt it in my secret soul. I had so long cherished the hope of future fame and triumph; I had dreamed such magnificent dreams, had built such glorious castles in the air: to give all up at once was too hard, too hard. But my senses have come to me, as Raymond calls it; the mistake is over, the trouble at an end."

"And—you mean—that you shall not go on painting?" said I, my pulses beating wildly.

"Never again."

"And then——?"

"And then, you would ask, what am I going to do. How get bread and cheese—when I don't paint and you don't sew? for we will have no more working, Helen. Well, Raymond—how kind he has been!—has told me I may go back to them when I will: at the old salary, too. So, my love our troubles are over."

Some years are gone by since that day; and we are well off now, for the firm is Raymond, Raymond, and Kerrison. And that last picture of Mark's hangs up in our dining-room: a memento, Mark says, of a man's folly.

Antiquity of Pickling.

The custom of pickling food seems to have been practised since very early times. The ancient Greeks and Romans held their pickles in great estimation. They consisted of herbs, roots, and vegetables, preserved in vinegar with great care, the various ingredients being macerated in oil, brine, and vinegar, with which they were impregnated drop by drop. Meat also was treated in the same way, having been previously cut into very small pieces. Nearly all vegetables and many fruits are made into pickles, and these, when made properly and used judiciously, are wholesome and agreeable additions to our food. Very great care, however, is required in the manufacture of pickles. The vinegar should be of the best quality, metal utensils should be avoided in their preparation, and glass bottles, or unglazed earthen jars, should be used to keeping the pickles when made. The pickling of meat is accomplished by allowing it to remain for a certain time in a solution of salt and water, and for this purpose bay-salt will be found to make the meat more tender than common salt. Salt alone has the effect of whitening the meat, and to counteract this effect saltpetre is added. Although, however, saltpetre imparts color, it tends to make the meat hard, dry, and indigestible. Instead of saltpetre, a little cochineal is often used for coloring. It should be remembered that meat kept immersed in pickle gains in weight, although it loses a great amount of its nutritious element. Meat that is dry-salted loses in weight. Pork requires a longer time to cure in proportion to its weight than beef. Although it is necessary, owing to the great demand for meat, that a certain amount should be pickled and preserved in other ways, it must not be supposed that pickles and dried meats can be used as substitutes for fresh meats. Pickled meat is harder than cooked fresh meat, and the introduction of so much salt into the system is prejudicial to health, very often inducing a craving for fluids, thereby causing indigestion and skin diseases. A given weight of salted meat is certainly not equal in nutritive value to that of fresh roasted meat.

ORIGIN OF SOAP.—The application of soap as a cleanser is not of high antiquity. Like other usual things, it seems to have been known, as a fact, for a considerable time before it was turned to its most serviceable account. At first soap was merely a cosmetic for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion. When once its valuable cleansing powers were discovered—doubtless by accident—its employment spread rapidly. Numerous soap manufactories sprang up in Italy, notably in the little seaport town of Savona, near Genoa, whence the French name of soap, *savon*. Our word "soap" may have come from the Latin *sapo*, which is mentioned by Pliny as an invention of the Gauls. As woollen garments preceded linen, so the fuller's art for cleansing, scouring, and dressing cloths and stuffs is older than the washerwoman's. The Roman fathers, who washed dirty garments, were persons of no little importance. Their trade, and the manner of carrying it on, were regulated by laws.

DRUM-HEAD OF HUMAN SKIN.—John Zisca, General of the insurgents who took up arms in the year 1419 against the Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, to revenge the deaths of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who had been cruelly burned to death for their religious tenets, defeated the Emperor in several pitched battles. He gave orders that after his death, they should make a drum of his skin, which was most religiously obeyed, and those very remains of the enthusiastic Zisca proved, for many years, fatal to the Emperor, who with difficulty, in the space of sixteen years, recovered Bohemia, though assisted by the forces of Germany and the terror of the Crusades.

The laws in the several Grecian states regarding divorce were different, and in some of them men were allowed to put away their wives on slight occasions. With the Athenians either husband or wife might take the first step. The wife might leave the husband or the husband might dismiss the wife. The Spartans seldom divorced their wives. The Ephori fined Lysander for repudiating his wife.

With advancing years, the hair of the head loses the color of youth, and becomes white. Gray hair is simply a mixture of white with hairs of the previous color—brown or black. This change of hue is not caused by disease of the hair itself, but from a want of the oil supplied by the air follicles. White and gray hair grow as luxuriantly as the best crops of red, brown, or sable.

By the Jewish law it appears that a wife could not divorce her husband; but under the Mohammedan code, for cruelty and some other causes, she may divorce him. Among the Hindoos and also among the Chinese, a husband may divorce his wife upon the slightest ground, or even without assigning any reason. She is under the absolute control of her husband.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.—In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times, in five different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which requires two and a half seconds to utter it. On the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, an echo repeats seventeen times. The speaker may scarcely be heard, and yet the responses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, Scotland, when the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. If a single note of music is breathed the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes till it dies in soft and bewitching murmurs. In this chapel is interred Margery, the daughter of Bruce, and the wife of William Wallace. The echo at the Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, is renowned for its effective repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments, until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains. At the Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times. It is asserted that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert. This echo is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length, between which the wave of sound is reverberated from one to the other until it is entirely spent.

News of Interest

The very children learn to lisp the price of stocks in California.

Ninety thousand bushels of peanuts will be produced in North Carolina this year.

White twilled foulard is now imported made up as corset covers or underwaists.

The Emperor of Japan has commissioned an Italian artist to paint President Hayes' portrait.

The Duke of Devonshire made as much as $100,000 by the sale of thirty shorthorn cattle recently.

The well known song, "My Grandfather's Clock," nets its author, H. C. Work, $250 a month.

Boston is to be the next city with an elevated railroad, a charter having already been granted.

Rev. Dr. Ingram, of the Free Church in Unst, Scotland, aged 101, is probably the oldest clergyman living.

Hoyle was seventy years old when he wrote his Treatise on Whist. He indulged in the game until he was 97.

"I love men," said Queen Christine, of Sweden, "not because they are men, but because they are not women."

New neckties are of white Canton crape, with inserted ends of duchess lace, or else pleatings of the popular Breton.

Alexander H. Stephens once made a fortune as a lawyer and a farmer, but lost it all trying to maintain a newspaper.

Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, England, visited Saratoga the other day, and expressed himself as highly delighted.

Mr. Sartoris, Nellie Grant's husband, is said to have grown aldermanic in size, and to bear a striking resemblance to the Prince of Wales.

The inundation of the Nile, reported recently by cable, will involve losses amount ing to $2,500,000, while it is known that 250 lives were lost.

The Sultan of Turkey has so far overcome his dislike to appearing in public as to cross the Golden Horn on a bridge instead of in a steam launch.

The Chinese have a law that any military officer making his house a place of gambling shall be cashiered and forever debarred from holding public office.

Krupp, the great German cannon founder, still preserves among his immense workshops in Essen the rickety hut in which he first worked as a machinist.

New veils of black thread net without dots are in mask shape, with the lower edge pointed in sharp vandykes, and stitched in four or five rows of colored silk to suit the prevailing color of the bonnet.

According to recently published statistics, there are more deaf mutes, lunatics and idiots in Switzerland, in proportion to the population, and fewer of the blind, than in any other European country.

In a gambling room in Nevada, the janitor, in opening the place one morning, found a man sitting dead at a table, with his cards still in his hands. He had been shot at poker by his adversary, who had fled.

Commodore Shufeldt will leave about December 1, on the frigate Ticonderoga, for the coast of Africa, to open ports to American commerce and otherwise advance American interests in that part of the world.

John Bright's daughter has just been married to a son of the late Admiral Curry. The ceremony was that used by the Society of Friends. The bride, being still in mourning for her mother, wore a dress and bonnet of gray satin.

A little Portland girl recently testified innocently to the life of drudgery experienced by the average "queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked the child if her mother's hair was gray. She answered: "I don't know; she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

A lady in London, on sending for her maid, was told that she was absent, and on further inquiry was informed that she had gone to take a dancing lesson. The mistress asked what the maid could want with a dancing lesson, when the following answer was made: "She has been invited to a fancy dress ball. She is going as Queen Elizabeth, and wants to be a credit to the character."

The women of Prague, Austria, are shouting the battle cry of freedom. The local board of health is attempting to enforce measures of dress reform. It has issued an edict prohibiting the fair sex from wearing long dresses. "Considering," say the doctors, "that trailing robes raise a dust in the street, which is highly prejudicial to the public health, it is henceforth forbidden to wear the robes in question in the public thoroughfares." There are vague apprehensions of a riot.

Readers of THE POST in buying the invaluable preparation called Pond's Extract, should see that they get the genuine and take no other. Various imitators are in the market with spurious imitations of many valuable time-tried remedies, and the marvellous success which has attended the introduction of Pond's Extract, has induced some unprincipled persons to attempt the introduction of imitations under various names. See advertisements to another column, "Fraud &c."

The Most Highly Prized Object upon the toilet tables of fashion is LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. Why? Because it confers the greatest of all charms, a lovely complexion. Under its emollient and clarifying influence the face, neck and arms acquire the pearly hue of health and beauty, so dissimilar from the false, metallic gloss produced by certain hurtful enameling preparations, and the skin becomes as soft as eider down from its use. No pernicious ingredients contaminate this standard article.

LAVENDER.

The lovely lilies all are dead,
The rose has lost her bloom,
The earth, that once their beauty fed,
Has now become their tomb.

Sweet Lavender, with fragrant breath,
Unchanging, thou dost brave
The storms that veiled the flowers in death,
And smilest o'er their grave.

True type art thou of Christian faith,
Which, when life's blossoms fall,
Knows naught herself of change or death,
Triumphant over all.

Which, did the toys the world so loves
Blaze on her funeral pile,
Would stand 'mid Nature's wreck unmoved,
And o'er the ruins smile.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XVI—[CONTINUED.]

"I hope you are speaking falsely," she said. "I hope men are better than you paint them."

"They are all very much alike, my dear Violet," he returned. "It is most refreshing to hear that you think any man capable of breaking his heart."

"Ah, but you do not know Felix Lonsdale. You do not know how he loves me."

"I never wish to know Felix Lonsdale," he told her. "I have no partiality for men under a cloud. I know how much I love you, and that is more to the point."

She shrank from him with a pale and scared face. She did not like this discussion of her lover.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "how I love you. I think you the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen in my life. Your beauty gladdens my heart. To win it and keep it always near me, I would give all that I have in the world. I love you well enough to lay all my wealth at your feet. I love you so well that neither your plighted word, the opinion of the world, nor any human power shall come between us. I would break every tie, every bond, crush every love, to win you and make you mine. I will throw everything to the winds if you will only say the word."

The pale, beautiful girl shrank from him.

"I cannot," she said—"you know that I cannot—I must marry Felix Lonsdale."

"I could kill him!" muttered Sir Owen under his breath, with an oath. Aloud he said, "You shall never marry him!"

She shrank still farther from him, and cried aloud; and then he was full of remorse—he tried his best now to comfort her.

"Listen to me, Violet," he said; and once more she raised her beautiful head to his. "Forgive me—I am more accustomed to shouting at men than pleading with women. Do not think I am so cruel—why should I kill him? Do not tremble so—I never shall forgive myself."

She tried to conquer her fear that had mastered her. She stilled the trembling of her hands, the wild beating of her heart. He spoke more gently to her.

"I am more than half a savage," he said. "I am ashamed of myself. How different I should be if I had a gentle girl like you near me. I should grow civilized. Now, listen to me. You shall not give me your answer now—not yet for many days: but I do pray you to be my wife. Do not look at me and say you cannot—you can if you will. Such promises as yours are broken every day. Look round you once more, Violet—look at this stately house, this broad domain—think of yourself as its mistress—mistress of Garswood Hall and forty thousand a year. As Lady Chevenix—how well the name sounds!—as Lady Chevenix, I say, you would be queen of the whole county, you would be one of the most wealthy and popular women in England. You will have the world at your feet. I will buy you the most magnificent diamonds—indeed everything that women like best. You shall be surrounded by every luxury that the world can give if you will only say 'yes.'"

"I cannot," she murmured, but her voice was weaker and fainter this time than before, and he was quick to notice the change.

"I will not accept your answer yet," he returned. "But now look at the other side of the picture. You marry this man under a cloud, he takes you to some mean little house, he works day and night yet can hardly get money enough for his expenses; you spend the prime of your life, and lose the glory of your beauty, in a helpless struggle to make both ends meet; your beauty faded and gone even in the prime of life. I say that it is a crying shame for such a marriage to take place. You see the difference, Violet?"

"I see it, Sir Owen; but——"

"Then," he interrupted, "we will not talk about it to-day; you shall think it well over—you will be of my opinion soon. Now we will go back again—and you will not forget the view from Larch Hill? The first moment I saw you I meant to win you, Violet. I swore to myself that you should be mine. You have promised me the first dance to-night, remember."

He talked to her on indifferent matters as they descended the hill; then he turned and said—

"Violet—you see that I cannot call you 'Miss Haye'—try to drive that scared look from your face; my guests will think I have been frightening you."

She made a great effort to bring back the smiles and the brightness to her face, but she did not succeed very well: the world was all changed for her since she had gone up Larch Hill; quite changed. There she had been calm, content, with just a shadow of longing for the grandeur around, yet happy in her lover and her love. Now she had been through a scathing temptation—one that had left her heart burning and her brain whirling; there could never be calm content for her again. As her eyes wandered over the various beauties of nature and art surrounding her, she thought to herself—

"All this might be mine—I might be Lady Chevenix and give grand entertainments here—I might be mistress of it all."

Sir Owen said no more to her, but he redoubled his attentions, and people began to make pretty free comments about the matter.

"Felix Lonsdale will lose his *fiance* if he does not mind," remarked Captain Hill "and I shall be sorry for it."

"I believe, Lavinia," said Lady Rolfe with an air of dismay, "Sir Owen is so infatuated that he will marry the girl after all."

Francis Haye and his wife looked on in seeming unconcern.

Violet found herself the centre of attraction to all the men; one wanted her as a partner in croquet, another wanted her for lawn-tennis, another craved permission to take her across the lake.

"I should like that best," she said, with a smile so sudden and beautiful that the happy recipient of it lost his presence of mind at once.

Violet wished to be alone; she wanted time to think, to still the thrilling of her nerves; but she was mistaken in imagining that she would find solitude in a boat with a solitary companion. However, no man was ever more completely deceived—Violet sat listening to him with a flush on her face and a smile on her lips. He thought that he was making a great impression on her whereas she was congratulating herself that she was not compelled to hear or to answer his compliments.

She tried to think but she could not; the only thing that she could remember was that she might be Lady Chevenix and mistress of all she saw, if she liked. What would people say? They had spoken of Sir Owen almost as though he were an inhabitant of a brighter sphere. She had heard his probable marriage discussed almost as an arrangement of State; no one under the rank of Lady Rolfe's daughter had ever been thought of him for him—and now he had asked her. She had heard the future of his wife when he would have one, discussed many times—how she would go to Court and be one of the high ones of the earth because of her husband's great wealth, and now the honor had fallen on her. How wonderful it seemed! Of course she must not talk about it; but before she finally refused him she would like certain people to know what a brilliant offer had been made to her—people who had not always treated her as their equal.

The boat was touching the shore, and a dozen hands were stretched out to assist her. It seemed to her only a few moments since they had started, yet they had been all around the lake. She looked up with a bewildered smile at her companion as he spoke a few polite words; he seemed to know by instinct that she had chosen the boat as a kind of refuge. Then Sir Owen came and claimed her—she must have some refreshment—and he remained by her side until the round red sun had set and the fete was over. She watched it sink behind Larch Hill, and she felt that she would never see its light again in the sky without remembering what had been said there.

There was an hour for rest before the dressing for the ball began.

"If you are wise," said Lavinia Rolfe, "you will try to sleep for an hour and then have some tea—that will restore you after the fatigue of the day."

Violet followed her advice, she lay down to rest; but how could she sleep? Through her heart swept unceasingly the same refrain—"I could be Lady Chevenix, mistress of all around, if I chose; but I hold my lover's life in my hands."

"Would it be a great sin, a grievous wrong, to break such a promise?" Then she reproached herself for even entertaining the thought. Of course she would keep her promise to Felix; but in the meantime there could be no harm in thinking what had happened and how wonderful it all was.

She looked exquisitely lovely when she was dressed for the ball. Admiring eyes followed her every movement. It was agreed that the beautiful girl in white and silver, with a crown of silver leaves, was certainly the belle par excellence. To Violet the ball always remained more of a dream than a reality. She remembered her wonder at her own loveliness, the homage paid to her, the half-subdued murmur of wonder when Sir Owen opened the ball with her, and then the significant glances that said plainly, "We can all see what this means." She longed to say "There is nothing in it—I am going to marry Felix Lonsdale. I am only queen of the fete and my reign ends with it." But she could not; so she played her part gracefully; it was all to end so soon, and then it would speedily be forgotten. She might just as well enjoy herself while she was there.

She was so brilliant, so gay, so enchanting, that Sir Owen grew every moment more hopelessly in love with her. People could think what they liked about Violet, but there was no mistake as to him—not the least in the world; he was quite lost; he saw nothing but Violet.

Sir Owen took Violet down to supper. It was a grand supper served by Gunter, which was in itself a wonder; and then they danced till the sun rose in the eastern sky. Sir Owen went to Mr. Haye.

"I will do myself the pleasure of driving you home this afternoon," he said, "if you will not spend another night here. I have something to say to you before you go."

CHAPTER XIV.

"If I had been Mephistophiles himself I could not have managed better," thought Sir Owen, as he watched the three visitors who were of such vital consequence to him. "Seeing I have had just what I wanted all my life, it is not likely that I shall begin to go without it now. After all, what is a promise of marriage? What does it mean? People break them every day, and every day they are broken for them—loss of fortune, loss of health, hundred common place reasons—all make a promise of marriage null and void. Such a man like this Lonsdale had no right to ask a girl like Violet Haye to sacrifice herself to him. It is the privilege of a rich man to win for himself such beauty as hers. So far from doing a bad action I am doing a good one in rescuing this girl from poverty and obscurity. She has said she will marry him—she finds that she has made I mistake, and will alter her mind. If any one sees wrong in that I do not know what wrong is."

These reflections were caused by a remark made by Mr. Captain Hill. He had said—

"Has any one told you, Sir Owen, that Violet Haye is engaged to marry Felix Lonsdale?" And the Baronet's answer had been a muttered curse.

He had believed himself in such a lofty position that he could do as he liked without comment, but he found it was not so. The girl whom he was so madly pursuing, whom he had sworn to win, come what might, was engaged to another man, and people would make their own comments about the matter. So he reasoned and argued with himself—and to himself his ideas seemed excellent—that honor was simply a dead letter—it did not exist; it was a virtue to be subordinated to convenience—a promise was mere empty words with no meaning, and he consoled himself by trying to believe that he was doing good rather than harm. That Violet would ultimately refuse him he did not for one moment believe. No woman, he argued, could be proof against such temptation as he offered.

This was the day on which he had promised to take Violet and her parents back to the Limes. He was very unwilling to let them go. "They will have that handsome young lawyer about the place again, and all the good I have done will be undone," he said.

But Mrs. Haye was even more worldly-wise than himself—she declined to spend another evening there. He had ordered a dainty luncheon to be prepared for them in a charming little ante-room known as the Star Room—it bore that name because it was one blaze of light, through the number of its mirrors, girandoles and lustres. When the sun came through the eastern window and lighted it, the effect was something magnificent. If he had hoped to dazzle them with a fresh exhibition of his wealth, he had most certainly chosen the right way.

Then luncheon was laid on the table, elaborately spread with handsome plate, rare wine, costly fruit—every luxury that could gladden the heart of man. When Sir Owen sat down with them, Mr. Haye expressed his regret at leaving so hospitable and magnificent a house. His host looked up with a slight laugh—a keen observer would have seen that he was agitated.

"I am glad you like the place," he said. "I have been asking your daughter to remain here."

A warning touch from his wife told Master Haye that he was to remain silent. She looked at and addressed Sir Owen.

"I do not understand you; how could Violet remain here without us?"

"As my wife, Mrs. Haye; if she will only consent, Garswood and its master, with all that it contains shall be hers."

Mrs. Haye rose and drew her shawl round her shoulders.

"You are very kind, Sir Owen," she said dryly, "and I am sure that Violet must be quite flattered by your generous offer; but—she has promised, I believe, to marry Felix Lonsdale"

"That promise should not bind her," he cried eagerly; "it was won from her under false pretences. It will be a crying shame if you allow her to keep it."

"So I think," said Mrs. Haye, as she drew on her gloves, "but I am quite powerless in the matter"

She hastened their departure, and Sir Owen left his other guests to drive them home.

In this case as in others Mrs. Haye showed herself to be a woman of more than ordinary intelligence. An average woman would have instantly taken Sir Owen's part—would have done her utmost to induce her daughter to break her promise—would have railed against Felix. Mrs. Haye was far too wise—to take that course would to be to confirm Violet in keeping her word. She understood women—she knew that, if she opposed her, Violet would take refuge in making herself an interesting martyr; whereas, if she and her husband remained passive, and allowed her to see just what she might have and what she might lose, Mrs. Haye had no doubt of the result.

Sir Owen remained at the Limes with them for an hour or two, and it was Mrs. Haye who reminded him that his guests were waiting.

"I do not care for my guests," he said—"I care only for you. If you will not go back with me you must leave me stop here;" and she had great difficulty in persuading him to go.

Not one word about Sir Owen was said to Violet after his departure.

"Leave it all to me, Francis," said Mrs. Haye to her husband; "if you interfere you will mar all. Leave it to me, and do not utter a single word."

He obeyed, well pleased to have no responsibility in the matter—he did not like the idea of a broken promise.

Violet had expected expostulation, reproaches, persuasion. She could hardly realise the silence; then she came to the conclusion that her parents must have thought Sir Owen was joking, and her dignity was somewhat wounded at the notion.

Later on in the evening Felix came, and she saw that he looked worn and haggard. Mrs. Haye had never received him more kindly. Mr. Haye was tired, and had gone to his own room. Mrs. Haye made Felix sit down with them, and began to talk to him about his father, his family, his business, and his prospects.

The simple, noble-hearted young fellow opened his whole heart to her; he told her all his sorrow and distress about his father—how he had been out and had met some one who had spoken to him harshly in respect of the will case, and the consequence had been a severe relapse.

"The fact is," said Felix, "that my father is breaking his honest heart, Mrs. Haye."

"It is very sad," she returned—"very sad and very hopeless."

"Yes—it is almost hopeless," agreed Felix; "it seems as though the very spring of his life was gone. I know what would be the only thing to cure him. It would be if all his fellow townsmen—all his old friends met together and did something to prove that they had confidence in him; something of that kind, proving to him that he was respected and esteemed would be the only thing to cure him."

"And that will never happen," said Mrs. Haye.

"I am afraid not; but it is the only thing to save him. Dear Mrs. Haye, you are very good to listen to me—I ought not to bring my troubles here."

Mrs. Haye looked kindly at him.

"Of course," she said; "if he gets no better the maintenance of the whole family falls upon you, Felix!"

"Yes," he replied, "it will fall upon me; I cannot desert them—I must work for my mother and the little ones."

"In that case, my poor boy," she asked, "what will you do with a wife?"

He knelt down by Violet's side, and took her hand in his; he kissed it with a passion that could not be told.

"What shall I do with a wife?" he cried. "Ask me rather what I shall do without one My wife will be my haven, my rest, my hope, my refuge—will give me courage and hope and fortitude; she will give strength to my mind, my heart, my brain; my wife will be the whole world to me."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Haye gently, "but, Felix, how are you to keep her? How is she to live? You could not take a wife home to Vale House, to an invalid father, a step-mother, and all those children."

"No; I should make a home of my own," he replied. "Ah, you do not know how I love Violet—how I should work—how I should toil day and night for her! I would keep both homes." Then he looked up into Violet's face. "You would help me, my darling, would you not? You would dispense with luxuries for a time—only for a time? You would be the nerve of my arm, the strength of my soul. You love me enough to help me over a few troublesome years, and then fortune will smile on me. You love me enough for that, sweetheart?"

"Yes, I love you," she whispered.

Mrs. Haye rose from her seat and said she must go to her husband. She left Felix kneeling at her daughter's feet; when she was gone he buried his face in the soft, silken folds of Violet's dress; then he kissed them, he kissed her hands, he called her by every endearing name.

"It has seemed to me like eternity," he said. "Oh, Violet, sweet, you must never go away from me for three days again! Every hour has seemed a year long. Let me look into your eyes and see if you love me as much as you did when you left?"

"Yes, just as much," she said.

"And all the pleasure, the luxury, the admiration has not robbed me of one beat of your heart."

"No, not one," she replied.

"Oh, true heart—oh, dearest love, how heaven has blessed me in giving you to me! How selfish it seems of me to have brought my troubles here to you, just as you have come from such a bright world!"

"I have a right to bear your troubles," she said; but her eyes dropped sadly before his. She said to herself, "Dear heaven, how will it end?"

"You are all the world to me!" he cried passionately. "I have but you, Violet. It seems to me all a blank where you are not. I work for others, and I love them; but you, my wife that is to be, are my hope and my refuge; you are the sun of my life—without you—"

She laid her hand gently on his lips.

"We will not talk of that," she said; and once more, with all the deep passion of his heart he kissed the silken folds of her dress—the sweet hands—the tresses of golden hair.

"My love is a garment that enfolds you, sweet," he said. "The ground on which you stand is sacred to me; the breeze that kisses your face is sacred to me. Oh, Violet, it is almost a terrible thing for a man to love a woman as I love you! Will you tell me now about the fete? Did not every one envy me? And tell me, my darling, did you keep me in your memory?"

Then came to her the memory of Larch Hill and the fiery temptation she had battled with there; but she soon answered him—

"Yes, I remembered you the whole time!" and he clasped her in his arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ten Minutes Too Late.

BY A. H. B.

"Euphemia, dear child, when I've paid Mrs. Styles her rent to-night I shall only have—oh, bless me!—three halfpence left!"

"Well, mamma," responded a young girl, with a burst of laughter, "what of that?"

"What of that!" exclaimed the first speaker, aghast at her daughter's mirth. "My dear girl, are you serious?"

"No, indeed, mamma,—it is you who are serious. Don't you see I'm laughing?" she said; and another pearl of laughter echoed through the poorly furnished room.

It was a very old story, an act of a drama that has been, and will be, played on the stage of life, until the curtain falls upon all earthly things,—the old, old story of imprudence, extravagance, ruin, for the once prosperous merchant, and of loss of wealth, loss of friends, for those who had done nothing to bring about such a catastrophe—his widow and only child.

Poor Mrs. Bird was one of those well-meaning but weak-minded women who, in the days of their prosperity, worry themselves to death because the butcher or baker had overcharged them twopence halfpenny, and, in the days of their adversity, make themselves doubly wretched by perpetually indulging in reminiscences of their former glories, and, indeed talking of splendors that never existed save in their own imaginations.

Fortunately, however, it frequently happens, by some wise dispensation of Providence, that when a woman is weak-minded, her daughter is sensible in proportion. So it was in this case; and Euphemia, sprightly and pretty as she was, possessed a fund of good sense, and a sound judgment, not often found in a girl of nineteen.

"Feemy," said her mother, solemnly, "it is very well to laugh—you always were so giddy—but what shall we do?"

"Do, mamma!—why I shall have finished this dress in half an hour."

"Yes, I dare say indeed, and that's to go ever so far, no doubt."

"It's got to go to Eaton Place," said Euphemia, complacently, smoothing down a flounce.

"Eaton Place!" almost shrieked Mrs. Bird. And get eight shillings for your trouble," said her mother. "That's what you had for the gray barege."

Euphemia paused for a moment, as people who have good news to communicate often do. Then she said slowly, and watching her mother's face with a smile, "Only think, mamma,—I am to have five pounds!"

"Five pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Bird, positively bounding in her chair. "Surely, Feemy, you are mistaken."

"Oh no, mamma," said Euphemia.

"But who is this generous friend, my dear?—or rather, I should say, patroness?" added Mrs. Bird, somewhat bitterly.

"It is Lady Rootislaw;" she replied.

With an envious sigh Mrs. Bird relapsed into her chair.

During the days of the India merchant's prosperity his wife's *reunions* had been some of the most brilliant in London, and Lady Rootislaw had esteemed herself fortunate in having the *entree* to them. Now the merchant's widow was compelled to allow her daughter to accept the "patronage," as she somewhat harshly termed it, of her quondam fashionable friend.

The mother did not reply; she had taken up one of the beautiful flounces, and was examining it with a disconsolate air.

"The lace your grandmother left me was finer than this," she said, peevishly.

"Was it, indeed?" said Euphemia.

"Was it, indeed?—as if you had not seen my point flounces a hundred times!" exclaimed Mrs. Bird, angrily.

"And," she continued, "you would have made a great match, Euphemia."

"Oh, nonsense, mamma," laughed the girl.

"I think that Lord Wraxhill liked you a little," continued Mrs. Bird.

"Do you really think so!" returned the young girl indifferently.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bird; "and Edgar Ossulton."

Nobody could have said that Euphemia was indifferent now. The color rushed in crimson waves over her face and her forehead, and dyed the roots of her hair, as she bent closely over the rich dress on which she was engaged.

The Edgar Ossulton alluded to was the eldest son of an opulent East India merchant, who was one of the great men in the circle in which the Birds had formerly moved. Euphemia and young Ossulton had pretty well understood each other; but as there had been no positive engagement, there had, of course, been no correspondence between them. At the time of Mr. Bird's failure and death Edgar Ossulton had gone for a twelvemonth's tour on the Continent; and as the misfortunes of the Birds had occurred just a year ago, Euphemia did not even know if he had returned to England. She was aware that old Mr. Ossulton, who was a haughty and a purse-proud man, would never consent to his son's marriage with a portionless girl; but a few months ago she had read of the death of the old gentleman in the columns of a Sunday newspaper, borrowed from her landlady, and her heart told her that Edgar Ossulton, once independent and his own master, would lose no time, when he heard of her mother's misfortunes, in finding out their place of residence.

Mrs. Bird, absorbed in her own reveries, and full of regretful visions of what "might have been," did not perceive the emotion which the mention of the young man's name had created in her daughter.

"There, mamma!" cried Euphemia, jumping up hastily, and glad of an excuse to hide her confusion, "now I've finished it. Oh doesn't it look lovely!" "It does indeed," sighed Mrs. Bird.

"So now, I've only to give Limoset his bread and milk, and then I'll borrow a half crown of Mrs. Styles for a cab, and take this splendid concern home. Where's Limoset, mamma?"

Limoset was a large and favorite cat, a great pet in their prosperous days, and which in spite of their altered fortunes, neither Mrs. Bird nor her daughter would consent to part with.

"Where's Limoset, mamma?" again asked Euphemia, but in vain. Limoset was nowhere to be found.

"Oh dear; how tiresome!" sighed Euphemia. "I shall be late. Lady Rootislaw asked me to be in Eaton Place, with her dress, by seven o'clock, and it is half-past six now."

After ten minutes had been wasted in fruitless search, the provoking rascal was found comfortably curled up on a heap of shavings, in a small wood-closet under the stairs. Then, Euphemia, breathless and flurried, gave him his supper, got Mrs. Styles to fetch a cab from the stand, which was fortunately near, and hurried off to Eaton Place.

Arrived at her destination, her fears proved but too well founded. The gorgeously arrayed footman, who opened the door to her, informed her that my lady had given her up, and gone out, ten minutes before, after waiting at least that time.

Euphemia glanced at the hall clock, and it was in fact twenty minutes past seven. Her heart sank; she had so reckoned on those five golden sovereigns for her mother. Tiresome Limoset—those unlucky ten minutes!

"But at what time should you suppose Lady Rootislaw would be back, if she does come back?"

"Oh, certainly not for an hour or so, ma'am."

"Well, then, as it so fine, I will take a turn in Hyde Park, and come back in an hour's time," and Euphemia left the house, and entered the park.

As she approached the "Row" she looked rapidly up and down it. Only two equestrians were in sight, a young man, mounted on a splendid chestnut horse, and accompanied by a little boy of about ten years old, who rode by his side on a small shaggy Shetland pony. "Surely," thought Euphemia, "I shall have time to get across." But she either miscalculated the distance or the pace at which the two riders were going, then she became alarmed, receded a step, advanced again, and finally stood still in her confusion. Then she heard a loud deep voice call out in warning tones, "Take care there!" whilst a shriller one exclaimed, in mingled terror and surprise, "Why, it's Feemy Bird!" And poor Euphemia was conscious only of a severe concussion before she fell senseless.

When she came to her senses she found herself in the centre of a group of sympathising bystanders, one of whom, a matronly, elderly woman, of benevolent aspect, held a scent-bottle to her nose, while she felt a strong pair of arms supporting her. Shaken and in pain as she was, the service was so tenderly rendered, that the suffering girl looked up, and her eyes encounted those of Edgar Ossulton. The young man trembled violently, and could not find his voice. Euphemia, in pain and distress, nevertheless felt supremely happy.

"Oh Feemy, are you hurt?" cried little Harry Ossulton. "It was my pony knocked you down, but I could not stop him."

He was proceeding, with the tears rolling down his dimpled cheeks, to offer a host of deprecating apologies, when his brother chided him.

"Pray let this young lady have some air!" said Edgar Ossulton to the prying crowd who surrounded them. "I am acquainted with her, and will see her safely home."

Gradually, the crowd dispersed, and the two Ossultons and Euphemia found themselves alone. Edgar Ossulton had now recovered his self-possession. "Do you think you could walk home, Miss Bird?" he said; but his trembling tones betrayed anything but indifference; "that is, to the gate, for of course I will send for a cab for you."

Euphemia, with very natural delicacy, wished to proceed home alone, but young Ossulton would not hear of it; and indeed, as the young lady really was severely shaken, there was a plausible excuse for her needing the attendance of a gentleman. And it must be owned that, when a certain pair of dark eyes looked into hers pleadingly, Euphemia did not need much persuasion.

It was with great astonishment that the amazed young man heard from Euphemia the occurrences of the last twelve months. He had been in utter ignorance of all that had happened, and had only been a fortnight in England. Of course he had supposed that he should one day meet her in the circle in which both moved, when he intended to ask her to be his wife. Bitterly did he now reproach himself that he had left England without speaking; but, at any rate, he manfully made up for lost time.

Surely there never was such a strange place of betrothal as that in the musty old cab, the lover full of self-reproaches, and the lady bruised and shaken, but smiling like an angel through her tears. The brief ride from Eaton Place to Westminster sealed the destinies of two lives.

"And oh, Edgar dear, I knew, I felt sure, you would not forget me," said Euphemia; "and yet——Oh, it is so droll, I cannot help smiling. I might never have seen you again but for Limoset," and she laughed musically.

"Limoset!" he said. "Who is Limoset?"

"My cat—a white one," she replied—"such a beauty!"

"My dearest girl," said Ossulton, "what do you mean?"

Then Euphemia told him how Limoset had played the truant, which fact had caused her to be ten minutes too late at Lady Rootislaw's. But for that, she would have gone straight home from Eaton Place, and never entered the park. She would have met with no accident, and had she met with no accident, she would not have encountered Edgar Ossulton. It subsequently turned out, that but for this seeming accident, the young couple would really, in all probability, have never again met, as old Mrs. Ossulton (having her own ends in view no doubt) had deliberately laid her plans to inform her son that the Birds had gone to reside abroad.

Poor Mrs. Bird's joy may well be imagined, and need not be dilated on. Limoset had a silver collar, bearing on it the motto, "better late than never." Like many petted and caressed animals of the *genus homo*, he enjoyed the fruits of a character he had by no means fairly earned, and all because, whilst consulting only his own ease and convenience, he had unconsciously brought life-long happiness to his mistress by causing her to be ten minutes too late.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Publishers are busy with their preparations for the holiday season, and F. M. Robinson & Co., of Philadelphia announce that they will publish early this month "The Rag Fair" and "Little Stay at Home," by L. Clarkson, whose "Gathering of the Lilies" and "Violet" were so popular last year. Both of these new ones will present the most attractive features of childrens' holiday books, in illustrations and charming writings.

Among the latest publications is the attractive novel entitled "His Heart's Desire," published by Lippincott. The readers will find well portrayed characters developing an interesting plot, and one in which the interest does not flag.

Prof. D. J. Hill, of Lewisburg University, has in preparation a series of brief biographies of our great American authors. He proposes giving a personal, literary, and anecdotal biography of many of the leading American authors, as well as a careful criticism of the literary work, habits of writing, and proper place in literature of each. These books will be published at a very low price, and if they are thoroughly well done must be very popular. Sheldon & Co., will be the publishers.

"Merry Times" is what its name indicates, a charmingly illustrated book for children, just published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia. The familiar names of Alcott Howitt, Rev. J. G. Wood, among the long list of contributors, are a sufficient testimony of the excellence of its contents, which are replete with stories and poetry of the most attractive style to children.

MAGAZINES.

"Scribner's Monthly" for November contains, "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," illustrated, R. H. Stoddard; "Falconberg," IV., Hjalmer Hjolth Boyesen; "Beethoven," Celia Thaxter; "Johnny Reb at Play," illustrated, Allen C. Redwood; "The Spelling Bee at Angel's," illustrated, Bret Harte; "Picturesque Aspects of Farm Life in New York," illustrated, John Burroughs; "A Wind Storm in the Forests of the Yuba," illustrated, John Muir; "A Modern Playwright" (Eugene Scribe), J. D. Osborne; "The Apparition of Jo Murch," Noah Brooks; "Songs," Dora Read Goodale; "A Night with Edison," illustrated, William H. Bishop; "Our Patent System," James Richardson; "The Poet's Fame," H. W. Glider; "Haworth's," I., illustrated, Frances H. Burnett; "Chambly Fort, on the Richelieu River," illustrated, Henry Sandham; "Parsons and Parsons," Edward Eggleston; "Topics of the Time;" "Home and Society, 149, XX., Culture and Progress;" "The World's Work," 156, XXII., Bric-a Brac, illustrated.

As usual the "Nursery Magazine" comes filled with good cheer for the little ones. The stories, pictures, and poetry are so attractive, all the little ones should be gladdened by having a copy. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, Mass.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

Religion of the heart is the heart of religion.

Be lively, but not light; solid, but not sad.

If individuals have no virtues, their vices may warn us.

Have a high ideal; never be contented with a low standard.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.

There is always room for improvement, and that can only be attained by energetic effort.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur that barks at you.

False friendship is like parasitic moss, which feeds on the life of the tree it pretends to adorn.

Temperance in all things is a tree which has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.

An old hunter says he has known a great many foxes to grow gray, but never one to grow good.

I have played the gross fool to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine could not contain.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

It is a row of empty houses that gets its windows broken; and empty heads, empty hearts and empty hands are sure to come to grief.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOW READY!

Sensible Etiquette OF THE BEST SOCIETY.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

12mo. Cloth Extra, Bevelled Boards and Gilt Top, $2.

This is the Etiquette Book, the announcement of which has created so much talk in fashionable circles.

"Mrs. H. O. Ward's 'Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society,' is one of the few common sense books on the subject of which it treats. In the first place it is well-written, and in the second place the writer, who is evidently a lady of refinement, lends weight to her advice on that account. . . . We should like to be able to quote more of Mrs. Ward's 'Sensible Etiquette,' but must satisfy ourselves with recommending every family in the land to have a copy where it can be reached conveniently, and to let the young people study it carefully."—New York Herald.

"As a manual of the best etiquette, it is really of permanent value."—Boston Gazette.

"We commend it as a work which will help young men and young women, and stimulate them in their efforts to lead worthy as well as conventionally correct lives."—New York Evening Post.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
822 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

For sale by all booksellers and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1871

FIFTY EIGHTH YEAR.

TERMS:
$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

One copy, one year	$2.00
Two copies, one year	3.50
Four copies, one year	6.00
Ten copies, one year, and an extra copy to getter-up of club	15.00
Fifteen copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	20.00
Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	25.00

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORGANIZE CLUBS.

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club.

By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them. For instance! Get three friends to join you and you each get THE POST one year at $1.75. Again: Get the order of ten friends at $1.50 each, and we send you a copy FREE, or, divide the $15.00 by eleven, and you each get your paper for $1.41. Or, secure a club of fifteen with one copy free and you get THE POST one year—52 times—at only $1.25 each.

Money for clubs should be sent all at one time. Additions may be made at any time at same rate. It is not necessary that all the subscribers in a club should go to the same Post-office.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

☞To secure the premiums oleographs—"The White Mountains" and "The Yellowstone," and Fifty Cents for them, unmounted; or, One Dollar, mounted on canvas and stretcher, to each subscription, whether single or in clubs.

We send paper and premiums postpaid, in every case.

Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 2, 1872.

We beg to call the especial attention of our readers to the new CLUB RATES published in this number. A very slight effort on the part of our friends would double or treble our present large circulation during the next three months. Won't you try?

We recommend to our readers a careful perusal of the new story, "Penkivel, or the Mystery of St. Eglon," which is begun in the present number. It is a deeply absorbing tale of love and passion, and will be found one of the strongest works, both in intricacy of plot and powerful sketching of character ever written.

In large institutions where girls and boys are only known by numerals, and the treatment adopted must be that suited to the management of large numbers, direct influences are lost, and the question has arisen whether there is that development of individual character, the exercise of an effectual love and kindness which ought to go towards the due training of every child.

The American minister for agriculture has recently stated that in the extensive caverns of Texas enormous masses of guano are deposited. The quantity is estimated at twenty thousand tons, and the quality is said to be superior to that of fish guano. Its origin must be looked for in the immense number of bats which inhabit these caverns. It is also reported that in the Indian Ocean several guano islands have been discovered, so that the threatened exhaustion of guano deposits need not be feared for some time to come.

The Lizard and Serpent porte-bouquets are to be replaced in Paris, by butterflies, bees and birds of diamonds. These are very much handsomer than the first named. The Princess of Wales wears as a bouquet-holder a "devil's darning needle" with sapphire earrings. The Princess de Sagon has a white rose in the beak of a bird, breasted and winged with rubies. The Ex-Empress Eugenie has just presented to Princess Thyra, a topaz butterfly. The Duchess of Teck fastens her daisies in a porte-bouquet made in the shape of a bee. Some aristocratic Parisian ladies wear porte-bouquets of small lions in diamonds.

The primary object of all good literature is to invigorate and to cheer, not to weaken and to depress; it should communicate mental and moral life, as well as convey sentiments and ideas,—should brace and strengthen the mind, as well as filbit; and when it whimpers and wails, when it teaches despair as philosophy, especially when it uses the enchantments of imagination to weaken the active powers, its effect is mischievous. Woe, considered as a luxury, is the most expensive of all luxuries; and there is danger to the mental and moral health even in the pensive sadness which to some readers, sheds such a charm over the meditations of that kind of genius which is rather thoughtful than full of thought.

A French woman thoroughly understands the art of defying the encroaching footsteps of Time, and, if a footprint is accidentally made, her skilful ingenuity can devise some means to conceal it. It is what they call the *"Savoir Vivre,"* the art of living, and the Comtesse de Balsanville, gives the following good advice on the subject to the fair sex who wish to keep young and fresh while growing old: "When you are past twenty-five," she says, "never let more than five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time—say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to repose the muscles of the eye." Every movement and play of the face necessarily tends to fatigue these muscles—whether it be a smile or the expression of surprise or of fixed action. The closing of the eyelids at intervals is therefore recommended as a "beauty rest." The muscles, reposed, lose their tendency to that nervous contraction which translates itself into wrinkles.

SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

Far too many, with the loftiest instincts and the noblest intentions in the world, have no comprehension whatever of the sanctity of marriage, and it is they quite as much as the great army of the divorces, who cast discredit upon a community, and very often because they have never given the subject a second thought.

Of course, in such a country as ours, where opinion is at present so untrammeled, there is always a mass of fermentation in new and old ideas; there is always a restless element dissatisfied with what it has, but not fixed upon anything better, and there are always showers of sparks struck from the concussion of hard heads and solid facts, so that in conjunction with the work of the really vicious, and of those swayed by their passions, whom however, we dismiss from contemplation—it is no wonder that marriage lying at the foundation of the social state, its broad base and sub structure, should feel some of the effects brought about by these leavening ideas; with all the rest.

Perhaps nothing shows the existence of the divine idea in marriage so much as its incomprehensible mystery, which all those who enter it, save the most frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to recognize—feeling themselves as much surrounded by it as if they lived among the great primeval agonies that first set the world going; for to all it seems as strange as if they were the first and only ones, and they are at a loss to explain it, or to penetrate the meaning of the deep and sacred enigma.

But let who will speak ill of marriage, it ill becomes any woman to do so for it is to its institution that women owe nearly all the rights and blessings that they have. It has been wrested by slow degrees and painful effort from barbarism, and has brought all beautiful and happy possibilities with it. It has set a crown of honor and equality upon the heads of women, and it is not for her to deny it, or to utter the light word, or do the thoughtless act that shall serve to bring upon it one shadow of disrespect, for it is sacred and dedicated to the highest interests of life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

The perusal of books of sentiment and of descriptive poetry and good newspapers, and the frequent survey of natural scenery, with a certain degree of feeling and fancy, must have a most beneficial effect upon the imagination and heart.

—

In the Zooplastic museum at Soleure, Switzerland, there is to be seen a white chamois, with red eyes, white horns, and hoofs, and a snow white fleece. It seems to be two years old, and was shot in the near neighborhood. It is the second specimen of the kind which has been forthcoming in the Alpine world within the last thirty years.

—

How many matrimonial infelicities could be avoided if the following feat could be tried: In certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hands are tied up in a paper bag filled with fire. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is fit for the trials of matrimony.

—

Inventions which tend to simplify motive power, are the ultima Thule of inventors, but a French engineer has contrived an apparatus, which will do away with the necessity of fuel, in which a system of mirrors is used to concentrate the rays of the sun in such a manner as to generate steam in a boiler, to be applied as a motive power.

—

Two sculptors lately had a quarrel in the forum of Trajan, in Rome, and agreed to fight a duel in the place known as the Macca. They blazed away at each other with revolvers and both tumbled to the earth with wounds in their legs. Having no seconds nor witnesses they lay there until some one passed from whom they could ask assistance, and were then carried home in the same carriage.

—

The expenses of elections are not confined to this country, for in England they run very high, and in past instances higher than now. In 1807, Lord Milton and Mr. Lascelles paid out $1,000,000, but Mr. Wilberforce beat them at an expense of only $175,000 to his friends. In four elections in 1830 and 1832 Lord Londonderry spent $130,000 in Durham alone and did not win.

—

Never before has stage dressing been carried to the height of extravagance which now characterizes it. It has even become the custom for managers to make a formal announcement of the dresses as part of the evening attractions. A magnificent stage wardrobe competes now with dramatic ability to that extent that it attracts a crowd, while without it, the star soon wanes.

—

As is well-known, salt is obtained by mining operation, or by evaporation, and it is said that a practical scheme is now arranged for utilizing the salt running to waste in the waters of the Great Salt River in Arizona. The salt is of a high quality, superior to rock or bay salt, and traces can be seen in that neighborhood of former works.

—

It is in the universal attention paid to the education, and in the number of academical foundations, that the Americans exhibit a public spirit, which is applauded abroad. All can read and unite, and to give his children an education, is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States is Harvard, at Cambridge in Massachusetts; founded in 1638, only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale College was founded 1700.

The emulating spirit aroused by the French Exposition as well as our grand Centennial, has already spread to other countries; the Governor of Australia announces that an International Exhibition will be held there in 1880, while from Central Asia the latest news states that an agricultural and industrial exhibition will be held at Tashkend, at which the government has promised not only gold and silver medal awards, but honorary cafisms. Here are grand opportunities for the display of American enterprise.

—

The introduction of simple and uniform clothing throughout the British army is gradually taking place. As in Germany, the tunic of a soldier in one foot regiment may be worn by a private in another by simply sewing thereon another number; so are the uniforms of men in the various British line regiments interchangeable. Collars and cuffs, which distinguish various regiments, are now no longer part of a tunic; the latter is made always of the same pattern, so that it can be issued to all regiments alike, and the the facing, in the shape of a piece of colored cloth, is then sewed upon the collar.

—

Among the many results of the Glasgow Bank disaster there is one in which a prudent lover in Scotland has declined to marry his sweetheart, because her small fortune is in City of Glasgow Bank stock, and he fears he might have, as her husband, to meet the calls thereon. Of the well-to-do shareholders of the broken bank one is worth £200,000; two are worth £150,000 each; five, £100,000; three, £50,000; three, £40,000; six, £30,000; three, £25,000; twenty, £20,000; seventeen, £15,000; and eighteen, £10,000 each; their total estates amounting to £2,860,000. The total list fills nearly two pages of an Edinburgh newspaper. Among the stockholders, scores of whom will lose every penny they have, are many executors and guardians and very many women. The investments of the shareholders is £500 each, with the prospect of more being asked for.

—

There is a terrible outcry at the present day against long sermons, long prayers, long hymns, long reading from the Scripture. And justly so. Nothing is more fatal to a perfect mental reproduction of the thought or feeling presented to an audience than its excessive presentation. But did our readers ever think there is another side to this matter—that the sermon, the prayers, the hymns, the reading from the Scripture, may, quite as easily, be too short as too long? It takes time to secure a perfect mental photograph. No instantaneous process has yet been patented there. The preacher must hold his thought before his hearers—not too long; but long enough to secure, by a gradual increase of mental activity, its accurate and complete reproduction. Happy, indeed, is he who knows just when to stop. He has mastered the most difficult department in the art of sacred rhetoric

—

With the advent of cold weather there comes the necessity for precautions in regard to health. The relaxation of the physical system consequent upon warm weather renders one especially liable to take cold from the slightest draught, and subject to fevers from imprudence in eating, or from malarial atmosphere. Every drain from the house, every outhouse, every collection of leaves or vegetable matter, should be punctiliously cared for. And the slightest febrile tendency should be immediately attended to. It is said, and doubtless with truth, that the sanitary condition of most cities is better, on the whole, than that of many places in the country. There is, however, no excuse for ignorance in these days upon this subject, and certainly none for disregard of measures which have over and again been pointed out as essential health.

—

Many people look upon the compass as an introduction of the fifteenth century, but it seems to have been well known in a primitive form in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In one of the popular songs written in the time of King John, it is said that the sailors who go on long voyages to Friesland or to the East know their way by observing the tramontane, or polar star; but, when the sky is covered with clouds, and they could no longer see the stars of heaven, they had a contrivance which was this: they took a needle of iron and put it through a piece of cork, so that one end remained out, which they rubbed with a loadstone, and then they placed in a vessel full of water, and, whichever way the end of the needle pointed, there, without any doubt, was the polar star. This formed a primitive but fairly perfect mariner's compass.

A Hangman's Salary.—The salary of the hangman to the corporation of the city of London is $25 per week. Calcraft, the veteran "Jack Ketch," after forty years' active labor, has been succeeded by a man named Marwood. The English executioner sets his affections on provincial hangings. Knowing full well that the High Sheriff of the county would not soil his fingers with such a job, he charges a sum varying from $250 to $500 and first class travelling expenses. A small handbag is all Calcraft used to carry when going professionally out of London.

Antiquity of Vaccination.—An East Indian physician undertakes to show that vaccination was known there several thousand years before Hippocrates. He arrives at this conclusion from the contents of certain Hindoo manuscripts, in which are described the effects produced by inoculating the human subject with the matter taken from a man or a cow. The secondary disease is described as identical in appearance with its source, with this difference, that it is quite harmless.

THE DECAY OF FINE MANNERS.

It is scarcely necessary to occupy ourselves with a demonstration that manners have during the present century undergone a serious change for the worse. Their deterioration is a matter of notoriety and universal comment, and the unanimity with which the conclusion is affirmed acquits us of the obligation of proving it. Let us see if we cannot account more or less clearly for the fact.

What is manners? Manner is the deportment of one individual to another, which is as much as to say, the outward and phenomenal relation of one individual to another. Now, every person can stand towards other people in three distinct social positions. You may be nominally or socially the superior of the person you are speaking to, you may be his equal, or you may be his inferior; and I venture to affirm that your manner will be good or bad according as it recognizes or fails to observe the fact in each case respectively.

First, as regards the deportment of a person of fine manners to his superior. In this there will be a standing deference, but not a shade of servility; and the inclination of tone, gesture and language will be as slight, as natural, as graceful, but as perceptible to an observant eye and ear, as the movement, say of a weeping willow in a light breeze. The superiority I speak of may be one either of education, age or acquired distinction, but a well bred person, a person of fine manners, never fails to give it recognition. A man of thirty, who comports himself to a man of seventy as he would to a person of his own age, is wanting in this instinct, and is as much a clown as is one who addresses a woman with the familiarity he employs toward a man. What constitutes good manners in this case is, as I have observed, the maintenance of a just proportion, in plainer language, of a proper distance, between the two people; in other words, the preservation of harmony. The neglect of a just relation makes impropriety or discord.

Quite as subtle but quite as certain a line will mark off the superior from the inferior; though perhaps the distance is created rather by the inferior than by the superior, and by the obligation the latter feels himself under to accept the situation laid down by the other. Here again an absolute stranger ought to find quick indications of the relative positions of the two, though he might be sorely put to it to give an account of the faith that is in him.

The relation of equal to equal might at first sight seem to be a much simpler matter. On the contrary, I take it to be considerably more complex. For there are more faults that can be committed in this last of the relations than in either of the other two. The only mistake an inferior, deficient in fine manners, is likely to commit in dealing with a superior, is to act as though he were the latter's equal; and the only danger to which the superior is subject, in conversing with his inferior, is the danger of asserting, or over-asserting, his superiority, instead of leaving it to the other to establish the fact by insensibly conceding it. But your equal obviously can commit either blunder. He can be arrogant and presuming, or he may show himself apologetic, timid, and uneasy. Either blunder serves to introduce an element of awkwardness and discomfort into the conversation, and if the blunder be one of large proportions it renders the situation intolerable.

It will not be disputed that it is considerably easier for people to comport themselves properly and justly toward their superiors, toward their inferiors, and toward their equals, when they know who their superiors, who their inferiors, and who their equals are, than when they do not, but are left to ascertain the point as best they may, or to settle it by an effort of their own. Now there was a time when no man in America, and more especially abroad, could be in doubt upon the point. There existed a sliding scale in the social hierarchy, and the precise tariff of deference which was due from one man to another was as clearly ascertained as the number of inches in a mile. This, however, no longer obtains here, and to a lesser extent than formerly even in the Old World.

One of the marks of this great change is that many people are certain to be bumptious and presuming; it is possible they may on occasion be servile likewise, for they are perpetually "trying it on." When they find themselves in the society of persons whom they can hardly help suspecting to be their superiors in breeding and education, they strive straightway to annihilate the distinction they know to exist by putting on what they consider the manners of an equal. The "putting on" of this manner is, as might have been expected, a disastrous failure. They only become contemptible or offensive—or both. They parade their inferiority by the very effort to drape it, and their natural superior turns from them with disgust, and a determination never, if possible, to consort with them again.

The treatment by this class of persons of their inferiors is not more happy than their address toward their superiors, or toward those who would willingly be considered their equals, if their manners entitled them to the right of equality. There are no persons so quick to distinguish a true gentleman from a pinchback one as those who are called the lower orders. Each master or employer may be kind, or may be cold and "stand off;" but there is a world of difference between the familiarity of the gentleman and the familiarity of the man who would like to be a gentleman, and there is nothing in common between the tone of command of the one, and the orders of the other.

But perhaps one of the most lamentable, if not the most marked feature in the decay of fine manners, is to be observed in the change which has come over the manner of men toward women, or let me say, for fear I should be misunderstood, of gentlemen toward ladies. We will not conjure a storm of remonstrance by presuming to decide who "first began it." But we need not be afraid to say that, even supposing it was the men who led the decline down the path of excessive familiarity, women have so affably followed their lead that it has become exceedingly difficult for a man to preserve with some women that distance which every well-bred person feels, and every thoughtful person must grant, is indispensable to the maintenance in society of the due relations of the sexes. When a woman playfully tells you you are a "pig," and addresses you with exquisite humor, "Oh, you beast!" it is difficult to observe toward her that fineness of manner which you imagined was her due. If she may call you by such affectionate names, what may you not call her in turn? Why should you trouble yourself to be decorous in the presence of a person to whom decorum is apparently of so little moment? It is a "nuisance" to have to "put oneself about so" for women, and certainly when women cease to thank you for doing so, one of the motives for suffering inconvenience has passed away. This is no question of morals. I dare say women are as good as ever they were. I believe they are. But their manners are indisputably decaying. They no longer silently exact that deference from men which is every woman's natural right, and which no sagacious woman ever forfeits. She will not long receive it, even if she hankers after it, from her "pig" and her "beast." The consequence is that men "swagger" in the presence of women to a degree that even the women we speak of find offensive. They have corrupted men's manners, and then they complain of the corruption. There is nothing so sad as lack of fine manners in a gentleman, except the lack of them in a lady.

It might be objected, in these days, that it is not agreeable, and is even humiliating, to have to recognise superiority in others, especially when the superiority does not rest upon virtue, but upon purely artificial qualifications. Absolutely artificial superiority, no doubt, is willingly recognized by no one; but while, as a rule, conventional superiority does represent some kind of real superiority, the truly wise man does not refuse to concede a slight shade of deference to superiority merely artificial, provided it is of the sort that is bound up with the general constitution and machinery of the body politic and social.

There is yet another element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation or even the retention of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace, and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling and anxiety of the existence of to day. Fine manners need time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual, but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to be so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over everything. This not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy. But the exertion must be equable, the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical.

Much might yet be said upon the subject of fine manners and their decay, but an essay had better be suggestive by its brevity than wearisome by its exhaustiveness. But one point I must not omit. Fine manners are paper money, not sterling coin; but they are invaluable as currency, whether they be convertible or not into something more solid. The most abandoned scoundrel may offer a chair with the finest air of breeding; while a model of virtue may hand it you with such awkwardness as to bruise your shins or tear your dress. The worst condition in which we can find ourselves is to be surrounded by people who have neither morals nor manners, who are thoroughly selfish and utterly illbred. Society had perhaps better take care lest it fall a victim to the double evil.

The Lower Races of Mankind.

A comparison of the physical characters observed in the types of the lowest races, is curiously suggestive. For example, the people who inhabit the southeastern part of Terra del Fuego, off South America, are low in stature, ill looking, and badly proportioned. The trunk of the body is large in proportion to their cramped and crooked limbs, their foreheads are small and low, their eyes small, red and watery, their arms long and their legs short. Yet, like the ape, which they resemble, they are very nimble and rather strong. As to the she-Fuegians, by courtesy called women, we are told that their stature is four feet and some inches, and that they never walk upright. In like manner, the Andamaan Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, are inhabited by a race of undersized or dwarfed blacks. The same diminutive proportions are remarked in the aboriginal race of Ceylon known as the Veddahs. Their heads are remarkably small, the eyes small, piercing, and constantly in motion to the right and left, and the ears are as restless as the eyes. What is equally significant, the toes are said to exhibit as much prehensile power as the fingers. The extraordinary likeness exhibited by the Veddahs to one another, is ascribed to the practice of intermarriages, especially that of a brother with a younger sister.

As a fact going to prove the truth of the Darwinian ape theory, it is said that when discovered by strangers the instant impulse of a Fuegian family is to run off into the woods with their children and such things as they can carry with them. It is remarked also that they always speak to one another in a whisper. The movements of one to whom some cocoanuts had been thrown resembled the movements of a crow under the like circumstances. In the same manner, we learn of the Veddahs that when brought from their forests to be looked at, they huddle themselves together like a herd of wild and timid animals driven into a corner from which there is no escape.

The intellectual differences existing among the lower types are also very striking. The Fuegians manifest the utmost indifference when brought into contact with Europeans. Of the Veddahs it is recorded that their features in repose wear a vacant and melancholy expression, and when a question is asked, they exhibit the perplexity common in people of weak intellect. Two village Veddahs showed no surprise at a looking glass, nor any of the monkey's inquisitiveness to see what was at the back. They seem in fact wholly devoid of the emotion of curiosity.

But in the matter of memory, we are struck by its tenacity, even among the rudest branches of the human family, owing, no doubt, to the constant exercise required by the absence of artificial records. Thus, even a Fuegian, sent home after a brief sojourn in England, and not again heard of for twenty years, still showed that he had not forgotten the English words previously learned, or the ideas and manners of civilized life, and the Veddahs, who seem to occupy the lowest level of humanity, are excellent mimics, and one traveler says of them, "whenever we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us." They can repeat, it seems, with perfect correctness, each word in any sentence addressed to them, and copy the intonation and expression of the face.

In regard to their social condition, among the village Veddahs the women plait mats from the palm leaf, while the men make bowstrings from the tough bark of the upas tree, but beyond these two products they have no knowledge of any manufacture, nor is there any further distribution of toil. In Terra del Fuego the men procure food of the larger kind, such as porpoises; cut wood for fuel and for building wigwams and canoes; train the dogs, and of course undertake all hunting or warlike excursions. On the other hand, the women, besides nursing the children, kindle the fires, make baskets and water buckets, catch small fish, dive for sea eggs, take care of the canoes, and upon ordinary occasions paddle their masters about while they sit idle. Each native, however, is trained to a particular pursuit, one becoming an adept with the spear, and another with the sling. Among the Tasmanians the women had to provide all the food for the household, except that derived from chasing the kangaroo. In fact, among this extinct people the whole burden of existence seems to have devolved upon the female sex to an extent nowhere paralleled. Among the islands of the New Hebrides group a division of labor is implied by the fact that commerce is carried on by barter, some islands being famous for the clubs made there, others for the stone hatchets. Still more striking is the phenomenon observed in the Fiji Islands, where the carpenters are a caste.

In Tahiti, where progress is somewhat more marked, there is a farmer class, while many of the natives are fishermen by trade, and the covering in of the ridges of houses is a business confined to those who have been regularly trained. So too the building of canoes seems to involve more than one occupation, some of the islanders laying down the keel and building the hull, some making the sails, and others adding the ornaments. In Samoa, house building is a distinct trade, so is canoe building, also net making and mat weaving; tattooing likewise is a veritable profession. Nowhere, however, is a division of labor carried so far as among the Tongans. Among the strictly hereditary professions are those of the boat builder, house carpenter, stone mason, net maker, fisherman, ivory carver, farmer, and even undertaker. Among the Dyaks of Borneo, however, there are completely differential occupations, such as doctor and blacksmith. There are professional midwives too, and sextons, whose office is hereditary, and to whom a burial fee is payable. Among the Javanese, division of labor is carried to a very considerable extent, there being not less than thirty trades. As regards the distribution of labor between the sexes, the peasant seems as far advanced in Java as in France, that is to say, the man tills the soil, while the woman weaves cloth, carries produce to market, and lends a helping hand in the field at certain seasons. In the transaction of money affairs, the women of Java are universally considered superior to the men, and from the common laborer to the chief of a province it is usual for the husband to entrust his pecuniary affairs entirely to his wife.

In the domestic and marital relations, the Veddahs have no marriage rites, unless the tying of a string around the bridegroom's waist be accounted emblematic; but they acknowledge the marital obligation and the duty of supporting their own families. Each hut contains but a single household, and the men are exceedingly jealous of their unattractive wives, being careful to keep them apart from their companions. Divorce is unknown among the Veddahs. So too are bigamy and polyandry, though the latter revolting practice prevails among their neighbors throughout the interior of Ceylon, chiefly among the wealthier classes, one rich woman having frequently three or four husbands, and sometimes six or seven. There still exists, however, among the Veddahs a strange custom, equally offensive to the civilized mind. It seems that among them to marry an elder sister or an aunt is accounted no less innocuous and reputable than it is with us, yet a union with a younger sister is deemed natural and proper. As to the marriage laws of the Andamans, very little has been ascertained, but it is said that the man only remains with the woman until a child is born and weaned, and then seeks another wife. The Fuegians are said to be polygamists, but our knowledge of their marital relations is very meagre. Among the Australians, the mere surrender of the girl by the mother, with the consent of the rest of the tribe, according to some authorities constitutes the whole marriage ceremony. When a native of New South Wales has selected a woman for his wife, he comes upon her secretly, stupefies her with blows on the head, and drags her off.

In Madagascar, a union between collateral branches on the male side is in most cases permissible. Even half brothers and sisters may marry, for instance, where the mother is not the same. A plurality of wives is very common, the only regulative law seeming to be that no man except the sovereign shall take twelve. There is no restriction upon divorce, except that found effective in Moslem countries, namely, that when a husband and a wife part by mutual consent they restore to each other the property owned before marriage. On the whole, women in Madagascar seem to occupy a tolerably good position. Polygamy was formerly allowed in the Sandwich Islands; divorce was easily obtained, and near consanguineous marriages frequent in the royal family—brothers and sisters sometimes marrying. So too in Otahaite a plurality of wives was common, and marriage or divorce was effected by a voluntary agreement of the parties. The same thing may be said of the Tonga Islands, although here married women are said to hold a very good status. In Samoa polygamy and concubinage obtain, but considerable care is taken to prevent any union between near relatives, so much so that a list of what are deemed improper marriages would almost compare with our legal tables of kindred and affinity. On the other hand, the concubine is generally the daughter of the wife's brother. Among the New Zealanders, father's wives descended to their sons, and, in accordance with a custom that obtained at one time among the ancient Hebrews, the wives of a dead brother are made over to the surviving brothers. Further, in New Zealand women elevate their husbands in the social scale, and not men their wives; and in general, notwithstanding polygamy is permitted, women are allowed many privileges, and some of them exercise great influence over their tribes. Among the Dyaks of Borneo regular courtship exists, and the unmarried girls are at perfect liberty to choose their mates. Everywhere among the Dyak inhabitants of Borneo females are well treated, their share of work is not unreasonable, while their influence in the family is considerable. Divorces are not uncommon, but seldom occur after the birth of a child, and it is noteworthy that upon the ground of the wife's performing an equal share of the work she is entitled upon divorce to one-half the wealth created by their mutual labor. We may add that as a rule, among some of the tribes the husband lives with and works for the wife's parents. In Sumatra there are three kinds of marriages. In one the wife is purchased, in another the husband, who may be divorced at pleasure, and must return asked as he came. The third form, adopted from the Malays, is a regular treaty between the parties on a footing of equality. Sumatran manners do not admit of much antecedent courtship, the young of both sexes being carefully kept asunder, and the young women seldom allowed to get from under the wing of their mothers. In Sumatra a wife married by purchase may be divorced, and the husband demand back the price he has paid, less twenty-five dollars for the damage he has done her. In Java, as in France, marriages are invariably contracted, not by the parties themselves, but by the parents or relations on their behalf. Any interference on the part of the bride would be esteemed very highly indecorous.

The Andaman Islanders manifest no notion whatever of a Supreme Being or of a future existence. They have no tradition and apparently no notion of their own origin. Neither the village nor the forest Veddahs have the slightest conception of a Creator or of a future life. "Is he on a rock, on a white ant hill, on a tree? I never saw a god," was the only reply received to repeated questions. It appears, however, that the Veddahs have a vague belief in a host of nameless phantoms, whose influence is rather for good than for evil, and a still more definite belief in the guardianship exercised by the spirits of their dead relatives. It is curious that the shades of their departed children, or infant spirits as they call them, are those that they invoke most frequently. Whether the natives of Australia have an idea of a Providence is doubtful, but they evidently dread evil agency. The natives of Victoria hold that after death they will come back as "white fellows," for the obvious reason that when their men die, or are killed in battle, the skin is drawn off before the flesh is cooked, and when flayed in this way the flesh of a black man is perfectly white. We may note here a curious superstition observed in West Australia, where every tribe holds those to the north of it in special dread, imputing to them an immense power of fascination. As to the Fuegians, it may be said that while they have some vague ideas of a spiritual existence, of beneficent and evil powers, yet competent observers never witnessed nor heard of an act of a decidedly religious character, nor could satisfy themselves of their possessing any notion of the immortality of the soul.

Excessive heat causes expansion in almost everything except the human understanding, and intense frigidity is almost as bad.

Just, though severe, criticism invigorates; foolish and ruffian censure almost consecrates. "Of whom to be dispraised is no small praise."

TIME'S CURE.

BY C. C.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are dying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying.
The cruel dark night draws near,
The sun will soon depart
And leave thee sighing:
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are dying.

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast:
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice then, grieving heart—
The hours fly fast!

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XIII—[CONTINUED.]

"There are things I do not understand," I answered, stubbornly refusing to be surprised into exhibiting any warmth. "I shall discover them by-and-by; but you may believe meanwhile that she will not suffer in my hands."

"I trust not—I trust not. To whom indeed should she look for aid and love but from her own daughter? I am but a poor man, and have much neglected my own interests and family to attend to my poor sister's. When I found her character aspersed, I considered it a sacred duty to stay with her during the few sorrowful years left to her frame; but I see brighter days before her now. You are young, rich, and powerful; I gladly resign to you some of the responsibility of her care."

Uncle or not, this man produced in me an unconquerable dislike. I inclined my head coolly, and he again pressed my hand and went.

For a few moments I sat down, and then started up again, muttering, "I dare not think yet—no, I dare not." There was a letter to be written to Jessa, desiring her to come to me, and telling her what things I required; and there was another letter to be written too.

The first was soon finished; then I took another sheet of paper from Mrs. Benson's gaudy little papier-mache case, and traced these words:

"I was near the road when you passed Benson's lodge this morning, and saw all. I shall remain to nurse my mother."

This was directed to my husband. Both were given into Benson's hands, with an injunction to deliver them as directed; and I stood at the door eagerly watching the man going through the park on his errand, passing now into light, now into shadow. Presently I saw Lord Towerscourt approaching. Till I noticed that he looked tired and worn I did not think of the time. It was near sundown, the sky having become so overcast that the changing light had passed unnoticed.

"Have you been home—to the house, I mean?" hastily correcting himself.

"No, I have kept wandering about here."

"Ever since? That is a pity; you look quite tired. Won't you go back?"

"If you will accompany me."

I shook my head.

He stood silently beside me: the rain began to fall; large drops spattered down noisily on the broad-leaved vine climbing the walls of the house.

"Won't you go in, Mrs. Fernley? You will get wet," he said, concernedly.

"I like it; it reminds me of the days when I was a wild little child, and a thorough drenching was a common occurrence. Oh"—and with a leap my mind went back to the old, old time, and I wondered if those days were darker than this—"is it not sad?" I said, looking up, but hardly conscious that I was uttering my thoughts aloud. "Nearly all my life has been so very wretched."

My companion started from my side; he went out a little way in the rain, and then came back with shining eyes and a flush on his face.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Nothing, thank you." But I felt in a half-numb way that it was good of him to be so moved.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked presently.

"I have sent up for Jessa, and with the messenger I have dispatched a letter. I shall not be expected to return to-night. I really wish you would go back now."

"When your maid comes to you, or some one else; but you must not ask me to leave you with strangers—strangers to me, I mean. That clergyman now—do you know him?" he said hesitatingly.

"Yes—at least I ought;" and I began to laugh hysterically. "Do not suspect him, please—he is an uncle; you did not know I was so rich in relatives!"

"I hope that none of them will make you forget that I claim cousinship," he said ardently.

"Pray do not begin to identify yourself with my interests, or you will certainly repent it," I replied with bitterness. "You know my poor secret now—there will soon be nothing to conceal; but I will explain the little mystery about the bracelet. My mother visited me by stealth and dropped it, and we have been forbidden to meet."

"Denis," he began quickly, and then hesitated.

"Hush! You make me feel that I have said too much. Have I complained of him to you?"

"Have I offended you?"

"No, no!" I said hurriedly. "But you are too impulsive—you bring to me thoughts I do not choose to entertain. Leave me now—go back—and, if you are my friend indeed, think better of my husband. He has had trials too—I must remember them all just now."

* * * * *

I was alone—my mother slept peacefully. Benson and his wife were in their room. Jessa had not come, though a large package of necessaries had been brought back by the man. The night was sultry and lowering, and I sat at the open window, looking towards the park.

A sound below startled me. I saw a man's figure standing at the door of the lodge, and a single imperative tap produced a shuffling across the floor below the little staircase. The door was opened, and the visitor silently admitted. A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Benson came timidly to my door.

For one moment I sank upon my knees by my mother's bed side. I breathed a brief prayer that I might consider her needs more than my husband's pride or my own passion, and then followed her down to the room where Denis stood waiting.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Get your hat and cloak, and come back with me instantly."

The words were commonplace enough, the tone was imperative—but for the first time Denis's eyes sank before mine. Only a single dull candle lit the small room—only a thin partition was between it and the kitchen of the four-roomed wooden lodge where Benson now waited. The day had taxed me physically as well as mentally. I had not eaten since early morning, and I leaned for support on the strong windsor chair as I stood silently by the table.

Jessa had sent me no change of dress. My striped blue cambric was no longer fresh and crisp after my ministrations about the patient. There was even a spot of dried blood on the bosom of my dress, but I found it out only when I saw him give one comprehensive look, and then rivet his eyes there for a few moments. I turned a little from the light.

He reiterated his command, but not in quite so strong a voice.

"I am not going back, Denis—I shall stay to nurse my mother."

"You shall return with me if I carry you back every step of the way. I will not argue with you—I will be obeyed. If you think the incident of this morning gives you an advantage over me, you may undeceive yourself."

"An advantage?" I said, looking at him. "Is it an advantage to me to find you base? Oh, take back that word! It can be no advantage to a worshipper to find his broken idol made of clay."

"Be it so. I am not here to split hairs with you. We may settle our differences afterwards; at present I insist on your immediate return home, and, if need be, will enforce it. I should have sent for you as soon as I discovered your retreat, but, anticipating some heroics from your note, I preferred that they should have but one witness. Now you will get your hat and cloak, walk across the park with me, and we shall be admitted by my mother; the servants are in bed—they believe you to be confined to your room and indisposed. I have spoken to Benson, and I desire you to keep silent concerning this day's transactions."

I stood still and looked at him; my breathing was scarcely hurried, yet I felt my very lips cold.

"Take care what you do," I said in a low tone. "I shall not contend with brute force, if you employ that; but nothing less than the conviction that I should have to submit to that will make me leave this house to-night."

"Then you may be convinced that I shall employ it if you object," he said.

He took a step towards me.

"Think for a few minutes, Denis, before we enter upon a course which can never be retraced. Till now I have been a true and faithful wife to you: I have not opposed you in word or deed; and you have been, in the face of a cruel misfortune, unworthy of your lineage and good men's esteem. None of your efforts to conquer your innate prejudices have escaped me. I have never complained, have I, Denis, because they have been unsuccessful? Time has taught us to make allowances for each other; and why should our union—such as it is—be broken? Just now—the occurrence is too recent to be calmly discussed—comes a time when I must yield to a law of my nature. The doctor told me that my mother's very life depends on her being carefully nursed; and I cannot, ought not, to leave her to strangers. Whatever she is or has been, my proper place, because of this morning, is by her side. Think, Denis, what claims of humanity you disregard, what revolt you cause, if you insist on my obedience to you from the mere legal right you have over me."

I had approached him by degrees; in the energy of pleading I laid one of my hands softly upon his breast as I looked up into his face.

He took it slowly and held it fast against him, and put his other arm round my waist, as he looked searchingly into my eyes, with a strange new expression in his own; then he pressed me to him with convulsive force.

"You are mine," he said, with almost savage joy, as he released me, "and I will be obeyed. You shall never see your mother again."

I had hoped for a moment that he was on the point of relenting; these words annihilated my hope.

"If ill follows, blame yourself!" I uttered.

"I know what to fear and how to frustrate it," he returned; and then, half stunned, I saw him walk to the doorway and send Mrs. Benson for my hat and cloak.

I scarcely sighed as I put the latter over my shoulders. Just as I left I put my purse into the woman's hands, and gave her the directions for the invalid's treatment as I had been told them. Then my arm was impatiently drawn within that of my husband, the door was closed, and we set out to walk home.

Shall I ever forget that walk? It was a wild and stormy night. Only one thing seemed clear to me, that the cruel man beside me, who held my arm so close to his, had many individualities in his own person. He was now an adoring lover, now a husband, now an estranged but just friend, now the violent madman of the morning; and now the proud, selfish, relentless man was enforcing his shameful right to debar me from attending his victim.

We never spoke, but walked on fast; he slackened the pace often, but as often I hurried on. If I must go back, it should be quickly; I must be alone to think.

Sometimes I stumbled; so often as I did he caught me, and would have helped me more, but I fiercely pushed him from me.

What! Were we lovers walking by starlight? Did we not yet know our position in each other's eyes? The wind roared over us, and died away mournfully in the distance; the night air chilled me in my thin dress, but I cast my wrap from me.

Once a large branch laden with scared leaves was torn from its parent trunk, and fell across our path. Like two guilty creatures we hurried through the park, our hopes blighted, our vows made vain, yet bound to each other by a law which could not be annulled.

The sky was above; infinite love was there. The majestic trees which bent over us, the little grasses and ferns which uprose to meet us, all attested that; but to us nothing of love remained but its despair.

I stilled a shriek when through the first pale streak of day I caught sight of the beautiful quiet house across the gray water, its red color all subdued in that faint light—our home! And then my strength went. I tried to cross the little bridge, with a dizzy longing that I lay beneath the sweet gliding stream; then I knew that Denis had me at last in his arms, helpless, and his face was bent down on mine as he carried me over the threshold and up the wide staircase to my room. I gathered strength to crawl from the bed whereon I was laid to lock the door; and no one witnessed my despair.

* * * * *

Despair that night—something else in the morning. A letter was pushed under the door; it was written by my husband. Yes, I will say it again—it was a cowardly letter. I try to forget it now.

I rose and dressed myself carefully, and towards the middle of the morning went downstairs to the room where Denis and his mother sat.

He got up, placed a chair, and stood waiting silently; I too stood silent for a moment, and I met the intent, anxious look of those deep eyes. We faced each other, and he knew my answer before I spoke it.

"I have come, Denis, to say that I reject the terms offered in your letter, and to insist upon free access to my mother."

He moved his dark eyes slightly towards his mother.

"You see!" he said, smiling spasmodically; then he crossed his arms and stepped back.

She looked at me. The mother love and sympathy for her offspring, dislike to that which was opposed to his happiness, and lofty contempt for an insignificant antagonist, hardened in her face and deepened its lines till they seemed carved in stone.

"I own I am deeply surprised;" and she bent over her knitting again.

"My mother has no voice in this, and therefore your mother's opinion will not influence me!" I said immovably.

"Do you insult my mother by naming her in the same breath with that woman?" he exclaimed. "Well, I have heard your decision; now listen to mine. We shall leave Beechwood in a month or so; and I may tell you at once not to trouble yourself by another visit to the keeper's lodge. I have had medical authority for removing the person who was there last night, and she is gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone indeed, and beyond your reach!"—with a cruel smile, quietly releasing his arm from my grasp; "and I shall take every precaution to prevent your meeting her again."

"You are present to hear this, Lady Fernley!" I said, turning to his mother. "What do you think of it? Does it meet with your approval? Do you know what happened yesterday? Oh, tell your son he is too hard! He may listen to you. Tell him what a daughter—a woman—must feel beneath such tyranny, and save us both!"

"I have no word for you," Lady Fernley returned, rising, and angrily arranging her drapery round her. "In my opinion he has been too indulgent, too kind. I have listened with horror to the whole wretched story, and am astonished that my son's wife, who is the first to bring disgrace into his family, is the last apparently to feel the degradation of that position."

"Mother!" he cried.

"No, no—let her speak now," I said in a low, hard tone, shivering from head to foot beneath his cruel insult; "but this is the last visit she shall pay in a house where I am mistress."

I waved my hand slightly to the two pale stern faces, as mother and son stood together, and was quitting the room, when Denis spoke.

"One minute, Sylvia. While we remain at Beechwood I cannot have you leave the house unattended, and Jessa will no longer wait upon you."

"Is that the reason I have not seen her to-day?" I laughed. "By what authority do you interfere with my maid and my walks? Am I your child or your wife?"

"These precautions are only temporary ones, and because you insist on meeting a person I cannot countenance. Jessa will be restored to you when we leave Beechwood, and all will be as formerly."

"Poor Jessa! You do not care that you may drive her mad meanwhile," I remarked, and I lifted my head and returned their gaze steadfastly. "You have taken your precautions, and joined yourselves together against me, but I'll outwit you. You have cast justice and commonest consideration aside—not I; but nothing now shall hinder me from acting in defiance of your wishes."

I met those two at dinner as usual. In the middle of it Lord Towerscourt came in; he looked pale and constrained. One or two more visitors were present. The little he said was spoken to them.

When dinner was over and the ladies retired it was Denis himself, strange to say, who opened the door for us; and through the evening it was the same—Towerscourt stood aloof, and my husband was full of those little attentions most generally offered to the lady of the house by her guests. They were a mockery to me, but I soon found they deceived other people.

Four—five days passed. I was no nearer the end I sought. Denis's words were no idle threat, and we were wholly apart now.

Jessa had disappeared. I was not brought low enough to question the servants as to her whereabouts, but I longed for my faithful companion. I wondered what evil spirit prompted Denis to stoop to his present degrading practices; but I reminded myself of the insolent overbearing woman who ruled him. Ever at his elbow to suggest evil and support him in tyranny, his mother had reared him in her arrogant faith, and he still believed her to be one of the best and wisest of women. When I wished for a drive or walk, she joined me. Either she or Denis were ever with me, and, while I chafed at their espionage, my grief, chagrin and rebellionsness grew every day.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord Towerscourt's visit was drawing to a close. On the final evening of his stay he listlessly followed Denis into the drawing room, accepted a cup of tea from my hands, and then threw himself into a lounge and turned over the pages of a magazine.

"Come, Eustace, you shall not read on the last evening with us," said his cousin.

"Then suggest another occupation; I'm open to offers."

"My mother is fond of music."

"I am not the only or the best musician here," was the brief response.

"If you mean that I am, I take it as a pretty compliment, and will try to deserve it," I said, with unreal alacrity rising and going to the piano.

I played a little while, and then turned round upon the stool.

"Lord Towerscourt, if you will sing 'Il Balen,' I will play for you."

"As the music is for my amusement, Eustace," said Lady Fernley, "let it be 'Si tu savias' which you generally play yourself. When a gentleman is so good a performer as you are, I think he does more justice to his song than the best accompanist."

While Lady Fernley was speaking her nephew stood by the piano; our backs were towards the other two. I looked up earnestly, and formed the word "No" with my lips; he looked back gloomily, with an air of trouble or sullkiness, and did not speak.

"Am I not to be obliged with 'Si tu savias?'" inquired the lady.

Again I looked up full into his eyes, and he bent low over me.

"I want to play and I want you to sing," I whispered quickly.

I got a rapid, doubtful, yet assenting look.

"I'll sing for you with pleasure, my dear aunt—that is, if Mrs. Fernley doesn't mind playing for me. I have gashed my thumb in an awkward way."

"With a silver fruit knife at dessert, I suppose," said his aunt, sarcastically, throwing herself back in her chair, with a look of sovereign contempt for the tiny scratch he was exhibiting.

"I am afraid you are tired of playing bezique with an old woman," she said, when the last notes of his clear mellow voice had passed away.

He gave me a significant look, and then said in an injured tone:

"I am disappointed, aunt. I did expect, after shouting my tenderest feelings to you, that your cry to us all the evening would have been that of Coriolanus—'Your voices—give us your sweet voices.'"

"Especially since you have sung yourself into a good temper," observed Denis, coming to the rescue. "I've been wondering lately if you have had a dreadful twist since you have been in these parts."

"Pooh, nonsense, man!"

He looked scrutinizingly at his cousin though, and flushed angrily.

"I'm not so romantic as you believe," he continued.

"Rather inclined to 'high falutin' at present," laughed Denis. "There, go on singing, my dear fellow. Mother, I challenge you to a game of chess, instead of your trumpery bezique."

She could not plead any reasonable excuse, and so sat down at the chess table; and Lord Towerscourt, saying he was tired of standing, dragged a canterbury full of music near, and took a chair by my side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

BY FRANK OSBORNE.

I was a young surgeon, just free from college, and walking the hospitals, when I got my first practice in the little country town of Dunfield. Dr. Thompson, of the place, was an old friend of my father's; and it was arranged that I should assist him, with an ultimate view to the whole practice.

Most naturally I had a good deal of curiosity as to my new friends and patients. Mine was a sociable temperament; and as I had about two hundred and fifty pounds a year of my own, in addition to what Dr. Thompson was to give me, I fancied that I was already in a position to have a little home and a wife of my own, provided of course that I could find some really nice girl, who suited my taste, and liked me.

I arrived at Dunfield in the early part of May. It was settled that, for the first, I should live at Dr. Thompson's, whom I found to be a cheery old fellow, and his wife a most kind, motherly soul. They had no children, and the household was quiet, and well ordered. The practice, too, was very good.

The town had its squire, Sir William Crowhurst. His wife, Lady Crowhurst, was the grandee of the place; and, by good fortune, their two little girls were my first patients, being conveniently seized with a mild touch of measles soon after my arrival, and when the doctor happened to be laid up with lumbago. This of course gave me a good start, and was the best introduction I could wish for to the other swells of the town.

About three weeks after my arrival, Thompson showed me a note from Mrs. Gordon, the lawyer's wife, saying that her daughter had a bad cough—would one of us come up to see her?

"Now, Mr. Gwynne," said the doctor, "here's a chance of distinguishing yourself. Lawyer Gordon is a smart man, and making no end of money. Mrs. Gordon is a great one for being on the sick list. Unfortunately she doesn't like me, but they are good patients—too good to lose; so go and do your best for us. On no account be sparing of grave shakes of the head, and plenty of medicine, though it may be as innocent as you like, provided it be judiciously nasty."

"All right, sir," was my reply, "I'll go up at once," and as I spoke I rose from my seat, and proceeded up stairs to put on a clean collar and a better tie, trying to think I wasn't a bit nervous, and soon after proceeded up the town to Mrs. Gordon's. After I had conversed with that lady for a few minutes—that is to say she talked, and I listened,—she pushed me into a morning-room to see my patient.

"We are quite anxious about dear Hetty," she said; "she's had a bad cough for some time past, and our home remedies seem to be of no avail."

Two girls, her grown up daughters rose as I entered, and returned my very nervous bow. I saw that one was tall and graceful, with a mass of black hair loosely drawn from her face, large, soft black eyes, a clear complexion, and regular features: a grand beauty, I thought. The other was different, evidently two or three years younger, with sunny, chestnut hair, that tossed in loose waves down her back, blue eyes, a little pouting mouth, a most bewitching *nez retroussé*, and a short, slight figure. A more complete contrast could hardly exist than between the two sisters. The dark one looked about twenty, the little one about eighteen. As I spoke, I bowed nervously and coughed two or three times, because I did not quite know what to say.

"This is our dear invalid," said Mrs. Gordon, patting the younger on the shoulder.

"Oh, we'll cure her, Mrs. Gordon," I said, with alarming cheerfulness, and coughed again.

"Physician, cure thyself," I heard the invalid remark, in a mischievous undertone.

"Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling," I said, stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

However, I plucked up courage, and proceeded to make my professional inquiries, which were diversely answered; the mother making out the case to be "very bad," "quite serious," and suggesting the south of France; the daughter quizzing everything, and turning it all into a joke. I wound up my visit by again remarking, as I shook hands, "You have got a nasty cough, Miss Gordon, but we'll soon cure you."

"Pert little thing!" I mentally ejaculated as I left the house. "The dark one seems nice. How beautiful she is!"

After this I paid many more professional visits at the Gordons, and soon found myself on a very pleasant familiar footing at their house. So, from professional I began to make friendly visits, and often joined the girls, in leisure half hours, at a game of croquet or archery, or would take them for a quiet row on the river on warm Summer days.

When the Autumn tints were beginning to appear in the woods of Dunfield I discovered that I loved Alice, the dark one, and that if she would like to live on three hundred a year, in a snug little house of her own, I should like it too; but I dared not tell her. I could laugh and joke with Hetty; but with Alice I was always shy and nervous.

When Christmas approached there was a good deal of sickness about, and I could not go home as I had intended; so Mrs. Gordon kindly begged me to come and dine with them.

"Go, go, my dear fellow," said friendly Dr. Thompson, when I demurred at leaving them. "Go and enjoy yourself, and look out for the mistletoe." So I gladly accepted the invitation.

On Christmas Eve I met the girls out walking, and they kindly said they were glad I was coming.

"Cousin Willie is coming too," cried Hetty, and she glanced shyly at Alice.

"Who is cousin Willie?" I asked, wishing I might mix a pill for him.

"Oh, he's our only cousin and papa's ward," was the reply. "He always comes at Christmas."

"I'll come early," I said, making a mighty effort, "as I want to speak to Mr. Gordon."

I went home, pondering on the way what I should do. I could not dine there with my heart bursting with my secret, and feeling it might explode at any moment. Then there was cousin Willie, too. If he should pay my beautiful Alice any attention I might not be able to control my feelings. So I determined to write to her, ask my fate, and go up before dinner for my answer. If I were accepted, have a merry Christmas; if rejected, go home, and—and—well, nearly die of a broken heart.

I was delighted with the idea, and almost ran home to put it into execution. But how easy to get out pen, ink, and paper!—how difficult to write! I tore up the letter; again and again I tried, but the hopelessness of expressing my feelings was great.

"My dear,"——Here I was at a full stop already. How was I to begin? If I were doing it personally, I might try the effects of "Alice," spoken in a low, deep tone, but it looks so cool on paper. Therefore I began again:—"My dear Miss Gordon,"——I can't remember my words, though no doubt my wife does, but I know my letter was very tender, and, I hoped, very earnest and impressive.

I was once more puzzled how to end my epistle, but at last decided on:

"Believe me, dear, dear Miss Gordon, waiting in trembling hope and fear, yours in life and death, yours only and for ever,

PHILIP GWYNNE."

This I dispatched to Miss Gordon, enclosing a note for the young lady's papa, to be delivered at her discretion. You may believe I scarcely closed my eyes all that night.

Next day, Christmas Day, I was too busy to attend church; but I got clear about four o'clock, and hastily dressing myself, started for Mr Gordon's. He met me warmly.

"Come in here, my dear fellow," said he; "I can't tell you how pleased she is—my wife, I mean. And I am quite satisfied as to money and worldly affairs. Quite. Old Thompson's is a good practice. We must have a settlement you know; but that'll be all right. Rather you have her than an earl. God bless you! I am proud to call you son. I've spoken to her. She loves you my boy,—loves you dearly, she says, and has done so long. And now that you are one of the family I may as well tell you a secret. My youngest daughter is engaged too. Yes, Alice and my nephew William are going to make a match of it. Don't look so astonished. Hetty's a dear girl, and will, I am sure, make you happy. Don't speak, don't speak! There, I'll send her in." And off the lawyer bolted in his usual jerky way before I could speak a word.

Was I mad? Was I dreaming? Alice the younger!—Alice engaged!—Hetty loved me dearly! Hetty coming to me! Ye powers, what on earth was it all about? Alice engaged; and wild, merry, sweet Hetty loving me! It still would not enter my brain. What should I do? Get up, bolt, and explain afterwards?

I sprang up to obey my impulse. As I did so the door opened, and with downcast eyes and rosy blushes, Hetty came in. I rushed eagerly towards her, and grasped her hands. "I would confess all, I thought. "Hetty," I began. She mistook my action, my words, for affection. She came nearer to me, responded to my warm clasp, and then, overcome by shyness, hid her pretty curly head on my shoulder. My embarrassment momentarily increased. "Oh, Hetty, Hetty," I began once more.

"Dear Philip," she whispered, in reply to what she deemed affection, "I am so happy, Philip."

What could I do? Tell her it was all a mistake, and thus blight the bright young life and heart for ever? In that one second I made a great decision. My chances of happiness had fled. I would sacrifice myself and marry her, and she should never know the truth.

"I bent down and whispered, "God bless you, Hetty; I will try and make you happy," and I kissed the wild, teazing, merry girl, now so gentle, so winning, so sweet. I could not rudely break her heart.

She looked up, and then hid her face again on my shoulder, and clung to me to hide her emotion. Was it not possible to love her? Ought I not to be thankful? Had I married Alice—no, I mean proposed to her—I should only have been rejected, and gone away miserable; now I had a real, true heart to love me. Surely, surely, in time I might return her affection.

At last, to my great relief, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon entered. Mrs. Gordon shook me warmly by the hand, and said, "Dear Mr. Gwynne, there is no one I would rather give my wild young birdie to than you. Alice, though younger, is so quiet and steady, she is far more capable of acting for herself; but you'll always be kind and tender to Hetty, won't you?"

"Of course he will, of course he will," cried Mr. Gordon. "Come, Gwynne, and wash your hands."

Deeply grateful for the chance (not that my hands were dirty, but because I felt I should burst out crying or do something equally absurd if I stopped there) I followed him.

My duty was clear, my course plain. I smoothed my tumbled hair, bathed my hot temples in cold water, and determined to be a man, and no coward. I would act my part, and trust to time to make it natural to me.

So I retraced my steps, and entered the Gordon's drawing room just as it struck six. I was of course introduced to Cousin Willie. He was a tall, fair-bearded fellow, looked and spoke like a gentleman, and seemed very fond of Alice, and she of him. Somehow I felt better when I saw them together. After all, Hetty was just as pretty with her wavy, glossy hair, her bright eyes, with their new, softened expression, and that shy smile round her rosy mouth. I declared I found myself comparing them to my little one's advantage, and felt quite proud as I led her into the dining-room.

What need I say more? Day by day my lot grew sunnier, my little Hetty dearer and dearer to me. I never knew her otherwise than bright and good tempered; while Alice—but I must not tell tales—Alice is a dear girl, and I am very fond of her, and of my nephews and nieces; but all my heart and my love is my own merry Hetty's.

We have now been married some years, and little ones patter about our home; and as I write, my own sweet wife leans over my shoulder, and reads how out of my mistake grew my life's best and truest happiness; and she says, mischievously, "My dear old Phil, what a happy man you are, although you had to get married in spite of yourself!"

HOW INDIANS FISH.—Rabbit-hunting and fishing now constitute the sole business of life of the Piute warrior in Nevada, and in the capture and killing of such small deer he is exceedingly expert. His fishing tackle consists of a bit of light rope, weighted at one end with a stone, and grasped at the other by the fisherman. To this line are attached at regular distances half a dozen or more hooks, made of rabbit-bones, in the form of a narrow V; and to the angle of each V again is fastened a short line made of sinews, and baited with some such trifle as a snail or fresh water sucker. The fish swallowing the bait and line, swallows also the hook, which is so acted upon by the tension of the line as to expand its two prongs and fasten them firmly in the victim's throat; and then it struggles and whirls and darts about the line, attracting all its family and the neighbors to swallow the same snare, until the angler has counted a bite for every hook, and quietly draws in his main line heavy with its spoils.

A RACE OF VAGRANTS.—The countless dogs of Constantinople are under the protection of the general public, but, being pronounced unclean animals by the Koran, are not allowed to enter the Turkish houses, and are consequently without masters. They, therefore, form a great free vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless. The street is their abode; there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, are born, brought up, and die; and no one, at least in Stamboul, ever thinks of disturbing their occupation or their repose. They are masters of the public highway. In our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman, or foot-passenger. There it is the people, the horses, the camels, the donkeys that make way for the dogs.

FACETIÆ

"An old flame"—Candle light.

"A play-Bill"—William Shakspeare.

"Anti-fat remedy"—Kill the hog when young.

"A tooth-pick"—Choosing a set at the dentist's.

"A man who takes life easy"—The executioner.

"A wedding invitation"—Asking a girl to marry you.

"A narrow escape"—The convict getting out of the window of his cell.

In their struggle with Time the leaves have commenced to play the "drop game."

The "Sweet Bye-and-Bye"—The combination purchase of sugar and molasses.

They should use the hind legs of frogs for making beer now, because they contain so many hops.

A difference between an associate of Old Nick and a discourteous act is, that one is an imp of darkness, while the other is impolite.

The classical idea of making a mountain out of a mole hill is illustrated now-a-days by the church fairs making seven dollars out of a six cent pin cushion.

One way to get forest leaves is to have the girls go out to collect them there, and then suddenly shout "Snakes." It is surprising how this makes them leave the forest.

Love is blind, according to the proverb, and this may explain why it is so much easier for a fellow to shut up his girl's eye as to where he spends his nights, than it is that same female's after marriage.

It is remarked this cool weather has disposed of the mosquito singing nuisance as well as that of out-door amateur glee clubs. Consequently it is probable that the number of musically inclined young men found mysteriously murdered will drop off to a considerable extent.

It was said by Socrates that all he knew was he knew nothing. It is very probable, had he lived in the present day and run for some office, he would not only be surprised at what he learned concerning himself, from the other side, but of all his ancestors for six generations before him.

There is this misfortune in tender-hearted girls attending a pathetic drama in the Winter season. Their susceptibilities may be so worked upon as to bring tears, but as one of the symptoms is a free play of the handkerchief around the nose, hard souled observers only give them credit for a bad cold in the head.

As the outside courting season is now over, and as in all probability the front room will for a time be the scene of Cupid's vagaries, fathers of the sparkable girls will show a wise foresight and determination to prevent calamities, by strengthening the rocking chair so as to bear the possible exigencies of double weight.

Goethe, the eminent poet, asked pathetically for "More light, more light!" Apart from the difference in the degree of the divine afflatus, possessed the young man with his girl in the front room, fails to harmonize with the famous German writer, in turning all his aspirations towards getting the lamp down lower.

A new book just out is entitled "A Ramble Among Insects," by a clergyman. It is no doubt an excellent work. Even the unimaginative mind cannot but feel inspired at the idea of a scholar, with lamp in hand, at midnight carefully examining the pillows and bed joints, or with true zeal and his best pantaloons pursuing the marauding mosquito round the room, while in the contemplation of the same individual with set teeth and determined visage tearing the pantry to pieces in quest of the festive cockroach, there is something not beneath the efforts even of a Homer or Shakspeare to immortalize.

Both a Palliative and a Curative for all Lung Complaints, Bronchitis, etc., may be found in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It is a standard remedy for Coughs and Colds, and a trial will prove its merit.

CIRCE.

BY P. HENRY BOYLE.

[Circe, an enchantress, daughter of the Sun. Ulysses, returning from the destruction of Troy, visited her island of Æa, off the coast of Italy. There his companions, after a course of licentuous dissipation, were changed by her arts into swine. At his solicitation she restored them to their former shape, when, together with the hero, they again fell into a year of forgetfulness and excess.]

As cold and fair as statue cut in stone,
Yet lithe as lily born in sunrise lands;
Thou gently bendest, as by Love's airs blown,
But only mock'st the victim's outstretched hands.

Within the circle of thy charms we dream
In listless languor, while a dull vague pain,
That fain would tell things are not what they seem,
Half brings back long-forgotten homes again.

Rapt by the magic in thy deep round eyes—
The keener cunning of thy smile's deft art;
The head forgets to reason, and a sigh
Alone proclaims the turmoil in the heart.

True, from thy winter face there comes no glow—
Thy glance warms not the soul with golden rays;
And in the chill, those flowers fall to blow,
Our bosoms knew in fairer, younger days.

The star-like eyes that lit our life's brief night,
Flee back scarce noticed in thy pale-bright sheen,
As lesser lights betake themselves to flight,
Before the lustre of gloom's virgin queen.

But could we break the spell and pray for grace
To seek our loves and joys in other lands;
For 'neath thy sway, Hope, with a death-like face,
All gaunt and shrivelled, looking backward, stands.

On distant shores warm hearts, still youthful, wait—
Yet we regard not, sunk in slothful care;
For all must love thee—though 'twere best to hate—
And trust to die in some divine despair.

Muriel's Artfulness.

BY ZENA.

It had happened three months ago, but neither Miss Serle, nor Miss Maud, the second eldest, nor Miss Charlotte, the second youngest, nor Miss Helena, the youngest, the pet and beauty of the Serles, had done talking of "Muriel's artfulness." They went over it continually, angrily, scornfully. And yet the poor little girl, who was obliged to array herself in all the outgrown or faded dresses of the family—with her small pale face, large, mournful hazel eyes, and timid little rosy mouth, did not seem as if Machiavelli was at all in her way.

"Still waters run deep," Miss Serle declared bitterly. "To think that no one ever dreamed of such a thing!—it was shameful!"

But my readers may be impatient to learn in what Muriel's amazing artfulness consisted; then, briefly,—Muriel's mother was dead. She died at Helena's birth; and, uncared for, and almost unloved, Muriel had grown up amongst her wilful, high-spirited sisters, just as you sometimes see a pale lily in a border of flaunting dahlias or hollyhocks, whither its root has been transplanted by mistake. They had grown up around it, and hid the fair flower from sight; and now that a loving, wary hand had gently drawn away the slighted lily, and planted it in luxury and sunshine, their amazement and mortification knew no bounds.

An elderly maiden lady, a third cousin, had frequently asked one or other of the sisters to visit her for a week or two at her little cottage, ten miles out in the country, but they had invariably an immense number of reasons to allege, setting forth the impossibility of their paying any visits at the particular time of her invitation.

At length, one sultry evening in Autumn, as Miss Clyde was about returning home, after spending a few hours with her cousins, she noticed pale Muriel in her shabby dress.

"Muriel, will you come back with me for a couple of days?" she asked.

"Thank you, cousin; but" and she glanced timidly at Miss Serle.

"Well, I suppose she can go; but, really——" said Miss Serle, slowly, and looking annoyed.

"Really what, Julia?" said Miss Clyde, stopping at the door and looking sternly at her.

"Oh, she can go of course," returned her eldest sister, turning away; "there is an immense deal of sewing on hand though; we do our own plain work, it is so very expensive, and there are two white skirts, and three——"

"Well, they can wait until she comes back, Julia; she does not look well, either," said Miss Clyde, pulling Muriel out of the room, while Maud and Helena exchanged scornful glances at the notion of Muriel not looking well.

So Muriel went off with Cousin Clyde, as they called her, and her sisters, watching the old-fashioned phaeton rattling away, made excessively merry over the delightful visit which Muriel would have.

"Is that your best dress, dear?" said Miss Clyde to Muriel, as she unfolded a brown barege with faded trimming.

"Yes, cousin," she answered, bending her head over it and speaking low.

"Humph! and Helena wears fawn-colored corded silk!" continued Miss Clyde. "I'm quite certain that if you had it on, you would look ten times better in it than Miss Helena."

So the good lady chattered while she marshalled her timid little guest into the pretty little sitting room, where everything struck you as being a combination of comfort, and brightness, pink and blue.

After breakfast the next morning, Miss Clyde asked Muriel to go with her to Leighton Hall.

"Who is Mr. Leighton, cousin?"

"The owner of all this place, Muriel,—a gentleman of considerable property I believe," replied Miss Clyde.

"Oh what a delightful place!" exclaimed Muriel. "And this lovely morning, and the flowers! Oh look at the wild hyacinths, cousin!" she almost screamed in delight. "Is he an old man, cousin?"

"Old! my dear. Mr. Leighton is only in the prime of life," said Miss Clyde, rather shocked.

Muriel however only laughed, and followed her cousin to a side entrance leading to the high walled fruit gardens.

"Is Mr. Leighton at home, Winston?" Miss Clyde asked of the gardener.

"Yes, ma'am, he is; he came from London yesterday, ma'am. I believe he's—yes, he's reading in the double walk, Miss Clyde," replied the gardener.

"In the double walk?" said Miss Clyde, reddening, and looking uncomfortable. "Muriel, Mr. Leighton was in the double walk just inside the avenue. He could hear every word we said. Did we say anything of him, for goodness sake, dear," she whispered nervously.

"No, you didn't cousin. Oh, look at the plums! Let me go!" and Muriel rushed off after the gardener, wild with pleasure.

"I declare she's just like a child," muttered Miss Clyde, half vexed and yet pleased. She hardly came to where the girl was standing watching the gardner gathering the fruit, when she spied a gentleman, in a loose gray morning suit, advancing in an opposite direction.

Miss Clyde was forty-nine, and a very sensible woman into the bargain; but she could no more resist the impulse towards a rapid twitching adjustment of dress, experienced by all feminines in the presence of a masculine, than she could fly; besides, Mr. Leighton was only thirty-eight, and really——"

"Good morning, Miss Clyde. I am glad to see you took me at my word."

Muriel, who had not noticed any one's approach, crushed one of her feet into a box edging as she sprang round, astonished, to confront a tall gentleman, who was shaking hands with her cousin.

"This is a cousin of mine—Miss Muriel Serle, Mr. Leighton," said Miss Clyde, motioning towards her.

Mr. Leighton bowed gravely, though he looked both surprised and inquisitive. After exchanging a few words with the elder lady, he turned and looked at Muriel again.

"Do you like fruit, Miss Serle?" said he, smiling at the longing glances she was casting at the tempting, bloomy fruit peering out from between green leaves in all directions.

"Oh yes—I delight in it!" she answered, with a child-like *naiveté* and eagerness. "And how nice to be able to gather fruit oneself! I think it is a thousand times better than any you could buy from shops," said Muriel, losing her shyness in the presence of the fruit.

"I think so too," replied the gentleman. "What do you say to helping me to gather some? Miss Clyde will hold the basket, and we'll go and eat them somewhere out of this hot sun."

"Oh yes, I will," cried Muriel, laughing from pleasure, and skipping over beside him.

"Are you finding many treasures there!" he inquired, after a pause.

"Yes, such lots! They are actually hitting me!" she said, with another merry laugh.

"Not very hard, I hope," returned Mr. Leighton; "but you have got your face stained with juice, at all events—there, on your cheek. You don't know the place,—here," said he, and his fingers lightly touched her soft, flushed cheek.

Miss Clyde said afterwards that she thought he had gone out of his senses.

After the picking of the fruit, Mr. Leighton insisted on their staying to lunch, and they did so.

Muriel thought she must be in fairyland; everything so pretty, so inviting, so delicious, and everyone so kind, and polite, and merry. She did not know herself; she made remarks, and carried on the conversation, and was even a little witty.

"You are enjoying yourself, Muriel," her cousin could not help saying.

Muriel crimsoned, and became silent. Mr. Leighton looked at them both astonished.

"I hope she is enjoying herself, Miss Clyde," said he, a little sharply.

After luncheon, when they had refused the offer of a phaeton to drive them home, their host escorted them to the avenue gates.

"Isn't he an extremely nice man, Muriel?" said her cousin, as they slowly walked along.

"Oh, very, very; so kind and pleasant!" echoed Muriel, involuntarily sighing.

Days passed on in the pretty little cottage with the blue and white parlor. As swiftly as pleasantly they flew, and Muriel counted the hours. They had also occasionally seen Mr. Leighton since the day they were at his home. He had saluted both ladies several times in the course of their walks, and had walked part of the way home with them about two days before.

One evening, just as Muriel was thinking of returning home he visited them.

"Miss Serle," said he, almost abruptly, "I want you and Miss Clyde to be present at our annual dinner to the tenantry. There will be dancing by lamplight under the trees, and a great deal of fun. I think you will enjoy it. Will you come?"

"Oh, I should like it very much indeed," replied Muriel. "But I am afraid I—— When will it be?" she said, her eyes filling.

"In four days," he replied. "Surely there is no hurry for you to return," he added, very gently. He then repeated his invitation to Miss Clyde, and she consented saying, "If the Lawlesses go, they will call for us, and will serve as an escort."

"Ah, it would not be quite proper otherwise, I suppose," said Mr. Leighton, with a dry smile, as he rose to go. "Well we'll see."

"Now, Muriel, my pet, you must get a new dress," cried Miss Clyde, as soon as the door closed after him.

"I didn't bring——" began Muriel.

"I know you didn't, child," interrupted Miss Clyde; "but never mind. I suppose I have a few shillings to spare, my dear; and you shall have one pretty dress in in your life, as well as Helena—wax doll!"

When the evening at length arrived, Miss Clyde emerged from her apartment—where she had been locked in for three hours at least—stiff and splendid in violet silk and white lace, and confronted her fair young guest.

Muriel wore a dress of snowy white, the slight waist circled with a rose colored zone, whose floating sash gleamed amid the folds of her dress; the creamy shoulders just peering above a small snowdrift of tulle, with a bouquet of blush roses in the centre; the small, pale, intellectual face, with large, thoughtful eyes; the waxen brow, with the light brown hair looped softly back to the chignon, where soft large curls seemed to clasp roses, and roses to hold curls, in the most exquisite tangle, composed altogether so lovely and lovable an object, that Miss Clyde drew in her breath hard for a moment.

"You are bent on conquest, Muriel," said she, with a knowing smile, and a face of intense delight and satisfaction.

Leighton Hall was more than ever like a fairy place that night. Lights were glittering in every window and lights gleaming softly in every tree on the lawn. Music was ringing through the open windows of the drawing-room, and the county band was drumming and fifing splendidly beneath the trees outside.

Mr. Leighton met them at the hall-door. He welcomed all cordially, but they did not notice that Muriel's welcome was warmer than anyone else. No one noticed it but Miss Clyde. That worthy lady's cup of gratification was so full that another drop would make it flow over. Nevertheless Mr. Leighton went on adding drops.

Miss Clyde was sought out and attended to by people who before that night had scarcely noticed her.

Muriel had more partners than she knew what to do with; and at length Mr. Leighton, offering her his arm, conducted her through the open French windows out on the lawn.

"Do you care for dancing, Miss Serle?" he asked. "Because, if you do not, I have some curiosities and pictures in the library which I should like to show you."

"Oh, I would rather go and look at them. The ball-room is so hot—and so many people," said Muriel, eagerly.

He smiled, and looked earnestly at the ingenuous, fair young face beside him. He led her into the library, and closed the door; but instead of opening the bookcases or the mahogany caskets and cabinets which were on the tables, he drew back the window-curtains and looked out on the animated scene.

"Is it not pretty?" said he, pointing to the white tents and the moonlit sward, the lamp-lit trees, and the gay dresses.

"Very," said Muriel softly. She was not one to express her emotions in loud exclamations.

"You are not happy at home with your sisters, Miss Serle?" said he, taking her hand.

"No," said Muriel, alarmed beyond everything at his strange manner.

"Do you like Leighton Hall?" he continued, his dark eyes watching her.

"Yes," was all she could utter.

"Muriel Serle, come here," said he, and he drew her forward in the lamp light; "if ever there was truth in a woman's face it is in yours. I have known you but three weeks; I have spoken to you but five or six times, but I never saw a woman or girl yet into whose keeping I would give my honor and happiness more gladly. I am older than you by many years. You seem almost a child to me; but—Muriel, I want you to be my wife, if you think you could be happy with me."

As "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," broke over Muriel's comprehension, she lifted her head, and with a mechanical glance at the moon-lit scene outside, and all the evidences of wealth and position which surrounded her, she looked at him—her hazel eyes large with amazement, and said, "Is it me?"

"You!—you!" he cried, clasping her hand again. "I am lonely, Muriel, I have no one that loves me for myself alone. I am rich, but that would never tempt you,—guileless, pure little girl. Will you come and cheer my loneliness and make me happy, Muriel?"

His arms were around her; but he suddenly released her as he discovered the tears rolling down her face.

"Muriel," said he, "are you angry?"

"No,—oh no, no," sobbed Muriel.

"Am I too old for you?" he went on, pleading; "or is there anyone you would like better than me?"

"No,—no one," cried Muriel. "I like you very much," she added, while her fair face crimsoned; "there is no one else—but I am afraid you will be greatly disappointed if——"

She was here interrupted. For the first time in her life, a man's kiss, passionate, tender, and true, was pressed on her lips, and Muriel rushed out of the room, nearly knocking down Miss Clyde, who was entering.

* * * * *

There was a very wedding, as Muriel wished, at Leighton Hall. Helena and Charlotte Serle were bridesmaids. Ungracious ones they were, too; for no amount of sal-volatile could restore their nerves after the shock of the discovery that Muriel's elevation to her present position, rich, admired, and loved, was from beginning to end, the result of a deep-laid scheme—"Muriel's Artfulness."

The Two Roberts.

BY O. A. W.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbury rode "over dale and over down" in the stillness of the July night.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew rein and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an old-fashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft.

He hushed his song when he perceived, for the first time, his very close proximity to the house and the windows.

"The substantial home of some substantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them."

Too late! Just then a window was opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it.

In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At any rate, the voice was.

"Robert, dear, is it you? Why don't you speak?"

He spoke then, low, and with hesitation.

"How did you know it was I?"

"Of course I knew it was you." There was a dash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you would be riding and singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night, and halting before the house? Have you a cold, Robert? Your voice sounds different from what it usually does."

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing."

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You ought to take better care of yourself. You will be laid up to-morrow. But now go. Good night."

"One moment," cried Robert Edbury, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse, fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window. "Won't you give me a flower. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you sometime to forgive me some great offence. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I will give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay! I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

"Anything!—anything that comes from your hands!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma! Good night, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found where they fell, and picking them up rode away.

Passing arm in arm down the crowded dancing room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone: not to say disbelief.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it.—It was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure"—with a stress upon the word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned: and saw close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. He caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is, pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chasedane," was the answer. "She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town. I'll introduce you if you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window.

"You are not engaged for this valse?" said he.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and, forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"I—I have promised the dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a quick glance over her shoulder into the swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled faced by his side.

"See!" he said, gaily; "I saved it from being crushed under foot. "Will you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively. "I—I never give roses to strangers," she replied, with a cold, frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to me, if you please."

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same gaily tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chasedane. Therefore—may I not claim the rose?"

"I know you now," gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flowers, and leave me."

"Nay," he said gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice, he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirits was calmed.

"Give me this waltz, Miss Chasedane, then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over her face; his words impressed her as he meant, and in another moment they were floating deliciously together to the strains of the seductive music.

When it was over, Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet round cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously bending over. "Are you tired? Shall I get some water?"

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill health, and he must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and standing near him was that other Robert, who threatened to be—or perhaps was—no mean rival. His ill health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

With a grave face Robert took from his pocket the rose bud and laid it in Miss Chasedane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said quietly. "I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and believe, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed, and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that night.

"Is Miss Chasedane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Norton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply.

"Do you think Miss Chasedane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. Robert Stonor and Miss Chasedane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he stayed on. He could have stayed forever. For he had learnt to love passionately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test. They had not been much disturbed by Robert Stonor; a paroxysm of his complaint had confined that gentleman to his own home.

And so, Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse had halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chasedane. She was quite alone.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her, after all. But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said, slowly: and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently, and drew away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or lose all. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

"You must have known how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew, surely you must have known, that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert Stonor."

"Engaged," he said, with a long-drawn breath. "I did not know it. But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now. You are sacrificing yourself for him!—for a fancy, Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stoner, except as a cousin or a brother. Yes, my darling, it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love; not Robert Stoner. You——"

"What was that?" shrieked Jessie.

A low, smothered sound, half groan, half cry, had come in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out, Robert Stonor stood in the opening.

A pause, a stagger; and with a frightened shiver, he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chasedane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening room, he had gone round the shubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all.

On the floor, there as he lay, his head lay on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edbury had come to say farewell to Miss Chasedane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye!" she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand, "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—sometime in the future I may come to you." So he kissed her hand, and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.

"When the roses bloom again, remember me."

A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chasedane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go, uncalled: when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart.

"The roses are in bloom and there is one for you!"

THE ORIGIN OF BEEF-STEAKS.

"Beefsteaks! that's jolly!" cried Rob Morris, bursting into the kitchen, where his Aunt Fanny was busying herself with preparations for dinner. "I'm hungry as a bear, I declare I am," he continued, emphatically, flinging his school-books into the nearest chair, and tossing cap and mittens after them.

"Well, dear, you shall have your dinner very soon," said good Aunt Fanny, turning a most appetizing slice of beefsteak, such as would have delighted the heart of Monsieur Blot, or any professor of cookery.

"Oh, auntie," said little eight year old Bessie, thoughtfully, watching her aunt as she placed the last slice upon the plate; "who do you s'pose first prevented beefsteaks?"

"*In*-vented, you mean, you little goosy-gander," laughed Rob. "I dare say Aunt Fanny can tell, for she knows about almost everything."

"The cookery books are silent on this point," said Aunt Fanny, "but I've somewhere heard a story about the origin of beefsteaks that runs something after this fashion:

"Lucius Plaucus, a Roman of high rank, once gave offence to the Emperor Trajan, who, by way of punishment, commanded him to act as one of the sacrificers to Jupiter. He resisted as long as he was able, but was at last dragged to the altar. The fragments of the victim were laid upon the fire, and the unfortunate offender was forcibly compelled to turn them.

"By some means, one of the pieces slipped from the coals, and was caught by Plaucus in its fall. It burned his fingers, and he immediately thrust them into his mouth, to ease the smart. As his tongue came in contact with the savory juice that was on them, he made the discovery that the taste of a slice, roasted thus was a great improvement on the old sodden cookery of Rome.

"He at once made amends for his resistance to the commands of the Emperor, by seeming to go through the sacrificial ceremonies with due regularity, and showed his scorn of the employment, by turning it into a matter of appetite, for he devoured every slice, deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented the beefsteak."

EMMA MARIE CASS.

LONDON STREETS.—London has always something to offer the stranger for his amusement, if only the shop-windows, which are constantly putting on a new appearance, the goods displayed within them being carefully changed every morning. Thus the same street never looks quite the same—the jeweller has put out a fresh stock of lockets and rings, the haber dasher has displayed a new variety of cravats and pocket-handkerchiefs, and the milliners tempt the passers-by with an array of dresses which you did not see yesterday and will not to-morrow. The glass and china shops have always got some new patterns or new ware wherewith to beguile the man or woman who loves to see the dinner-table nicely decorated; and one's taste must be difficult to please indeed if there is nothing in the windows of the picture dealers and curiosity collectors to arrest the wandering foot steps and compel admiration.

AFFECTION IN BEES.—The following anecdote is related of some bees: A queen bee and some of her attendants were apperently drowned in a brook. They were taken out of the water and exposed to a gentle heat, by which they were revived. The plebeian bees recovered first. The moment they saw signs of animation in their queen they approached her and bestowed upon her all the care in their power, licking and rubbing her; and when the queen had acquired sufficient strength to move they hummed aloud as if in triumph.

THE CANDLE FISH OF ALASKA.—This fish has long been a curiosity. It is a small silvery fish, averaging about fourteen inches long, and in general appearance resembles a smelt. They are the fattest of all known fishes, and afford a superior oil when tried out. Dried, they serve as torches, and when a light is required, it is only necessary to touch the tail to the fire, when they will burn with a bright light for some time. The first fish caught is addressed as a chief, and many apologies are made to him by the Indians for the necessity which compels them to destroy his kindred for the supply of their own wants. A feast is given, with appropriate songs, speeches, and dances, in his honor, and after that the fishing proceeds.

THE FLESH OF MAD DOGS.—An impression widely prevails that the danger arising from the bite of a dog suspected of being mad can only be averted by the death of the animal. In India mad dogs and dogs supposed to be mad are not only killed, but eaten, the flesh of a mad dog being, in the opinion of the people, not only the best antidote to the poison of the tooth, but a prophylactic against hydrophobia.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TEMPERATURE OF STABLES.—The temperature of a stable should be sixty-five degrees, and free from moisture.

REPOTTING PLANTS.—Many times florists, instead of removing a plant to a larger pot, simply wash the soil from the roots, and return it to the same pot, but in a new soil.

A USEFUL PREPARATION.—A dressing of linseed oil will serve to prevent iron and steel from rusting, and mixed with lead and applied will prevent the decay of wood in farm implements and machines.

WASHES FOR TREES AND SHRUBS.—Throw slacked lime as a dust over trees and bushes when the foliage is wet. Syringe with soap suds or tobacco water, or a strong decoction of quassia with soap suds.

PLANTS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—Plants are not injurious to health if kept in sleeping rooms, nor is the air of such rooms injurious to the plants. In fact, they often do better in sleeping than in living rooms, because the latter are often kept too warm and dry. The best time for watering plants in the winter is morning. The rule in watering is to thoroughly saturate the plant, and then not water again until the plant is dry. Constant small waterings of the surface do more harm than good.

SHOEING THE HORSE.—There is no reason why a horse-shoer should strike a blow at the little nail head in the shoe as strong as he would deliver at the head of a spike in an oak beam. The hoof of a horse is not an oak stick, and the delicately pointed and slenderly headed nail is not a wrought iron spike, and yet you will see the nailer whack away at them as if it was a matter of life and death to get them entirely set in at two blows of his hammer. Insist that the nailer shall drive his nails slowly and steadily, instead of using violence. In this case, if the nail is badly pointed and gets out of the proper line of direction, no great injury is done. It can be withdrawn, and a new one substituted, without harm having been done the foot. But the swift, blind and violent way prevents all such care, and exposes the horse to temporary if not permanent injury.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—From a comparison of the statistics of the census of 1870 with those furnished by the Bureau of Agriculture for last year, it appears that there were 31,000,000 more acres of land under cultivation than in 1870, an increase of 34 per cent. The percentage of increase in the bushels of corn produced was 22¼, of wheat 52, of rye 42, of barley 35, in tons of hay 34, and in pounds of tobacco 21 per cent. The live stock over the aggregate of 1870 was: horses 44 per cent, mules 45, cows 22, oxen and other cattle 29, sheep 25, swine 28. The aggregate increase in the number of live animals amounted to about 28,000,000 head. The excess of the grain crop of 1877 over that of 1870 was nearly 550,000,000 bushels. Our exports for the year ending June 30, 1877, exclusive of gold and silver, amounted to $632,980,082.

THE VALUE OF CARE.—A well ordered farm, well chosen stock, comfortable buildings, a neatly kept garden, roadway, gates well hung, fences well kept, shade trees, ornamental shrubbery, paint without and whitewash within—all these are worth more to a farmer in money value than a few hundred dollars carefully scraped together and jealously hoarded, and loaned to needy neighbors at interest. No investment pays so well as money judiciously spent in farm improvements. Draining wet land will pay 50 to 100 per cent on its cost every year; good stock will pay equally as well; good roads will turn their cost every year; a gate will save its cost in a short time; a good fence may save its cost in one night; a well kept garden, a neat lawn, orchard and shade trees, which need not cost $100, have added ten times that amount to the value of the farm, and the comfort and the self-respect gained through the outlay for these and from their possession are worth more than the cost.

FEMININITIES.

Old maids are politely styled belated sisters.

It is bliss to learn lessons in love, for woman is our teacher.

The woman who rejects an offer of marriage practices slight of hand.

A beautiful lady's smiles are magnets to draw metal from the purse.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her fingering.

Present your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

Some malignant slanderer says, "Woman needs no eulogist—for she speaks for herself."

A girl in Trenton married a Hungarian nobleman, and now she has to take in washing six days in a week.

A young ladies' brass band has been organized in Kansas, and an Iowa merchant employs a female drummer.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

Green gloves are fashionable in England, and instances of severe poisining of the hands of ladies wearing them are reported.

A young man in Minnesota shot a girl who had given him the mitten, and the jury brought in "Guilty, with mitigating circumstances."

The British Medical Association has just adopted a resolution to the effect that "no female shall be eligible for election as a member of the association."

A Southern woman visiting at Nantucket, considering herself insulted by a resident, drew her revolver and made him get down on his knees and apologize.

All the teeth of a certain scolding lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.

Before marriage a husband is generally greeted by his sweetheart with "My darling, is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "John Henry, wipe your boots!"

An old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness or coquetry, they reject, and then repent; they should be careful not to take the step too hastily, for a proud, high minded, gifted man, will seldom ask a woman twice.

Jones was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She never can remember anything," said poor Jones; "it's just awful!" "My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found out a capital recipe." "What is it?" said Jones, eagerly. "Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember, I write it down on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass. See?" Jones is now a contented man.

Mr. Gormandiser's Travels.

Up in a high damp region of one of the Galagagos Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, once lived a tortoise which was distinguished even amongst his very greedy brethren for his gluttony, which had earned him the name of Mr. Gormandiser. His age, when my story begins, was only about fifty years, so that he was still young, strong, and healthy—in fact, in his prime—and his place of abode was, one would have supposed, a very pleasant home, surrounded as it was by trees which bore luscious berries, edible lichens, and sweet herbage of every kind. Tortoise life was only one long holiday, and Gormandiser's companions were very well satisfied with their lot.

Not so our hero; his restless spirit, not content with abundant food, longed for more appetising viands, and he at length determined to set out in quest of new dainties and delicacies.

A number of his friends and relations met together to try and dissuade him from his enterprise; but Gormandiser, like most all other creatures of small minds, was obstinate, and he positively refused to listen to any objections.

"You shall not detain me," he cried, with a majestic wave of one ugly foot; "I will go, and no one need bid me good-bye."

So saying, he hobbled off, and his discomfited friends turned their backs upon him gloomily, and left him to his own devices.

As Mr. Gormandiser was not able to walk faster than sixty yards in ten minutes—or, in other words, four miles a day—at his utmost speed, you may imagine that it was some time before he even lost sight of his acquaintances; but he shambled along in a great hurry for some time, then grew weary of his unaccustomed exercise, and stopped to refresh himself by munching a few leaves.

At this rate of progression it was not until the end of the third day that he found a new country opening before him; large black lava rocks and leafless trees had taken the place of the luxuriant vegetation which he had been accustomed to, and immense cacti seemed the only food within reach; but Gormandiser's pampered appetite was not satisfied with the taste of these plants, so he preferred fasting for a change, and scrambled on over the rough ground with awkward strides, when suddenly something seemed to start from the sky right in front of his nose, and drawing in his head with a sharp hiss of fright, our hero for a few moments dared not even peep out.

At last he ventured to take an observation, when what was his horror at perceiving a large bird busily devouring the remains of one of his own species — a poor tortoise, whose mangled body lay close by.

Gormandiser hid his head inside his protecting shell in a great hurry again, and then lay perfectly motionless, but inwardly expecting his own turn to come next, and feeling so sick with fright that the thought flashed across his stolid brain, "Even if I had nice things here now I couldn't eat them; oh dear! oh dear!"

After a long time he took a sly peep out, and to his surprise found that the bird was gone, and no traces of its late repast remained except the broken shell and skeleton of the victim.

Hardly believing in his good fortune, Gormandiser hastened to leave the fatal spot, and in his hurry, on turning a sharp corner, bumped against another tortoise which was placidly feeding on a plant of the despised cactus.

"Oh, why don't you run away?" gasped our hero, puffing and blowing from his unwonted exertions; "that dreadful bird will pounce upon us."

"Nonsense," answered his new acquaintance, continuing to munch his spiny food. "You evidently don't understand this country; she could not kill us unless she had our shells broken, and we are too heavy for her to manage that. She carried the poor little fellow you saw up to a great height, and let him fall on a sharp rock in order to break his armor. Oh no! you may feel quite safe, as you are so fat," and he glanced at the comfortable proportions of his interrogator.

"I am glad to hear it," replied Gormandiser; "but would you kindly direct me to a spring, or some place where I could get a drink: I have not had one for several days."

"Here," answered Mr. Waddler, pointing consequentially to a path; "don't you know that it was by means of our well-worn roads that the Spaniards discovered the springs long ago, and that they actually called the islands after our names? I don't mind going a bit of the way with you, for I am rather thirsty also, and, besides, I left my wife in that direction, as she was busy laying an egg."

Gormandiser's fat heart felt a slight twinge as he thought of the partner whom he had deserted, but then he consoled himself with the reflection that *her* appetite was also large, and that she would have helped to eat any new delicacy if he had found it.

He and his companion at last came to the end of the rocky plain, and again felt the grateful shade of trees overhead; but while they were walking along Gormandiser suddenly observed a troop of dark-colored men in front who looked rather formidable, so, true to his selfish nature, he slipped aside into a hollow which lay conveniently near, and left Waddler alone in full view of the Indians.

He, unsuspecting creature, plodded steadily along, for, unfortunately for himself, he had not happened to see the men; his senses of hearing, like that of other tortoises, was so dull that the noise they made was quite inaudible to him, so he started violently and drew in his head when one of the Indians laid hold of him.

"What are you going to do with him?" inquired his companions; "we did not come out to catch Testudos."

"No, my brothers, but I may as well try if he is fat, and then it won't encumber us much to take him along if he is worth it," answered the captor.

As he spoke, he drew out a sharp knife, and with great dexterity made a small slit in Waddler's skin near his tail, in order to see whether the reptile had a good layer of fat under his dorsal plate; but not thinking that the tortoise's corpulency was sufficient to make him worth the trouble of killing and carrying off, he uttered an exclamation of disgust, and, letting the creature slip from his grasp, hastened off to overtake his companions.

As soon as selfish Gormandiser had satisfied himself that the course was clear, he emerged from his place of concealment, and shuffling up to his wounded friend, pretended to sympathize very deeply in his misfortunes, but Waddler, disgusted with the other's despicable character, curtly replied that if Mr. Gormandiser had warned him in time it would have been more to the purpose, and he must decline the pleasure of his company any further.

So our hero, in no way disconcerted by this rebuff, cheerfully hobbled away, congratulating himself on having so cleverly escaped from the danger which had threatened him.

After waiting for some time his eyes were gladened by the sight of a tree loaded with delicious Guayavita berries, which he had not tasted for a long time, so he left the path and crawled eagerly towards it, longing to crush the acid fruit between his horny jaws, when, oh, heartrending fact! he perceived another tortoise, much larger than himself, who was calmly pulling down the clusters of berries that hung within his reach, and devouring them with evident gusto. Gormandiser's indignation knew no bounds. "Eating my dinner," he hissed savagely (with very peculiar reasoning, as he happened to be the trespasser himself); "the robber, how shall I get rid of him?" and he looked eagerly around for some means of despatching the unsuspecting tortoise.

"Ah! I have it," he said at last, as his eyes fell on a steep precipice on the other side of the tree, and near to which his victim was approaching in his efforts to reach some peculiarly tempting Guayavitas. "I'll just shove him over;" so taking great care not to come within sight of his large opponent, he moved as fast as his unwieldy limbs would carry him to the foot of the tree, and then, as soon as the poor tortoise came between him and the precipice, his murderer gave a violent push, which sent him rolling down on the sharp rocks below, where, as may be supposed, he was dashed to pieces.

Having accomplished this savage act with much satisfaction, Gormandiser ate all the berries he could reach, and then went back to the path which poor Waddler had pointed out, and which he pursued without any other adventure till next morning, when he happened to meet a large dark green iguana, which seemed in great terror, and our hero thought it might be worth his while to stop and hear if any new danger threatened him.

"Good day, madam," he said, trying to speak in an insinuating tone. "Are you in trouble? Has anything been chasing you?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the other reptile, trembling through all its length of six feet. "Did you not see the men, the Indians, who are roaming about here?"

"Oh! is that all?" said Gormandiser, contemptuously. "I *have* seen them, and escaped from them," he added, boastfully. "It is quite easy to hide if you are so frightened."

"I dare say you were were cowardly enough to hide yourself," cried Mrs. Iguana angrily, inflating the pouch that hung under her throat and glaring at the tortoise. "You base wretch!" But her tone changed suddenly, and she cried: "They are coming again, and I have not time to climb the tree where my hole is, or to look for a stream to plunge into, so I will fight," and she remained motionless in a threatening attitude, while Gormandiser crept behind a mass of lichen, and began to burrow a hole in the ground in order to make sure of concealing himself.

In a few minutes the party of Indians appeared. One of their number perceiving the Iguana, flung a noose round her neck, and then, in spite of her frantic struggles and attempts to bite, they quickly secured her, and, killing her by the stroke of a sharp instrument, carried her off, as her dainty flesh would make an excellent repast.

Gormandiser passed several hours very comfortably in the hole which he had scooped out, and then began his journey anew, as he had not yet reached the promised spring; but he guessed from the presence of his late acquaintance that he was not very far from water, and before nightfall he saw a large fountain of beautiful clear liquid in the distance, and met numbers of tortoises returning from it, having satisfied their thirst; while others, like himself, pressed eagerly on with outstretched necks till they reached their goal, and then greedily plunged their heads even above their eyes into the water, and gulped down great mouthfuls of the refreshing beverage.

When Gormandiser's thirst was sufficiently appeased he determined to remain in the neighborhood of the springs for three or four days before he again set off upon his travels, and sometimes the idea would cross his mind that so far he had not made much by his journey; he had obtained far better food with greater ease among the mountains. Indeed, though he did not know it, his former home had been in one of the most fruitful parts of the island; but Gormandiser, like many animals, thought the fields were green afar off, so he made up his mind to travel towards the sea shore, and see what luck would befall him there, partly because he knew the troop of Indians were still in the vicinity, for every now and then different tortoises coming to drink would tell of encounters with them.

One old fellow collected a large audience around him, and began in a pompous tone to relate his adventures.

As the ancient reptile finished his story he tried to kick out with all his legs at once to show his triumph, but as his unwieldy body was unfortunately not meant for such performances, he fell head over heels, and rolling completely over on his polished shell, lay on his back with his hideous club feet waving about in the air. Some of his companions assisted him to get "right side uppermost" once more, and just then Gormandiser recognized his acquaintance Waddler, who had arrived at the spring, and was now taking a long draught.

Our hero, nothing daunted by the remembrance of his shabby treatment, approached his old companion, and tried to enter into conversation with him, but Waddler would have nothing to say to his unworthy associate; he turned his back upon Gormandiser with a look of disgust, and walking off, when one of the other tortoises politely asked the reason of his refusing the pleasure of his society to the fat reptile.

Waddler briefly replied by relating the facts of the case, upon which a general hiss of indignation arose from all the tortoises, and a youthful reptile cried—

"It is the very same; listen friends. I myself saw this rascally fellow push poor old Poddlepaddle down a precipice, where he was killed, for no reason that I could make out except that he was eating some berries——"

"Which I wanted," bellowed Gormandiser, in a fury at finding that he was now a public character, and one to be avoided.

"Shall we send him to Coventry?" inquired the oldest tortoise present.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the others; "none of us will ever speak to him again."

So Gormandiser found himself alone in the midst of a crowd. At first he hoped that when his enemies had left the spring the new set of tortoises which were continuously arriving would not know anything of his degradation, but unfortunately for him, one reptile of the batch that retired always remained behind, on purpose to warn the new comers of Gormandiser's vicious propensities, so, at the end of the fourth day, our hero having gorged himself with water, and wallowed in the cool wet mud to his heart's content, set off towards the sea shore.

Waddler, who was a good natured fellow, and reproached himself for having told tales, met Gormandiser before he started, and strongly advised him not to go in the direction of the coast.

"You will have nothing to eat but cactus plants," said he, and will soon have to come up here again when you want a drink."

"I am much obliged for your disinterested advice," answered the ungrateful tortoise with a sneer, "but I consider that I am decidedly the best judge of my own affairs, and the very fact of your wishing to prevent me from going towards the sea confirms me in my determination."

With these magnificent words the infatuated reptile got rid of his kind adviser, and set off upon another path which led down to the wave-washed shore.

Bright birds of rare species, only found in these islands, fluttered about the branches over his head, displaying their brilliant tropical plumage to the greatest advantage.

But these were not new to him, so he did not pay any attention to them; his whole aim was to gratify his appetite, and he did not seem likely to fulfill his desire, for when he reached the coast, at the end of his second day's journey, no new food had pleased his greedy fancy, and he wandered about for some time, till at last a strange object caught his eye, and thinking he could discern some scarlet substance, which looked at a little distance like fruit, he made towards it.

Now I must go back for a few moments, and tell you that when the party of Indians whom the tortoise had met first landed on the island, they left one of their number named Eagle Eye behind on the shore, in order to watch their boats, and this poor young fellow, almost immediately after his companions had departed, had the misfortune to fall off a mass of rock, where he was clambering about, and fracture one of his legs.

His sufferings had been dreadful, as you may imagine, for though he managed to crawl to the canoes, and obtain some of the food left in them, the Indians had not thought it necessary to leave any water; and the pain occasioned by his hurt, together with the intense heat of the sun, had almost driven him frantic with thirst.

Many times during the few dreadful days which had elapsed since his accident he had begged the Great Spirit to release him from his agonies, and now, believing that his last hour had come, he lay down with all the stoicism of his race, and prepared to die.

It was just at this moment that he caught sight of Gormandiser, and hope again revived in his breast, but he dared not move, for fear of alarming the tortoise, not knowing that the string of brilliant scarlet beads which he wore round his neck was attracting the reptile's notice.

But the Great Spirit who watched over the poor savage had pity upon him, and at last, with an exclamation of thankfulness, Eagle Eye laid hold of our wandering hero, and, with a knife which he drew from his girdle, very quickly put an end to his useless existence.

Now it is an exceedingly curious fact, that, like camels, these reptiles, after drinking abundantly, have the power of keeping reservoirs of water in their bodies for many days, and as it was such a short time since Gormandiser had left the spring, the liquid which the almost expiring Indian soon extracted from the dead body of the tortoise was only slightly bitter, and if you could have seen the intense delight with which Eagle Eye drank the beverage, which kept him alive until his friends returned to him, you, my young friends might perhaps feel more grateful for the blessings which surround you.

I cannot expect you to pity Gormandiser; he deserved his fate, and I never heard any of his former acquaintances regretting his loss, or even wondering what had become of him.

THE BEST PLAN.

The most profitable plan for operating in stocks is that of uniting capital of various sums by combining or pooling the orders of thousands of customers and using them as one mighty whole which has been done so successfully by Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. City. By this co-operative system each investor is placed on an equal footing with the largest operator, and profits are divided pro rata among shareholders every 30 days. An investment of $10 would pay $50, making 5 per cent. on the stock during the month; $25 would return $125, or 6 per cent.; $100 would make $1,000, or ten per cent., and so on, according to the market. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, June 26th, says: "The Combination System of operating in stocks is the most successful ever adopted." The New York Independent, Sept. 12th, says: "The Combination System is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co. The firm's new circular (copyrighted and sent free) contains "Two unerring rules for success in stock operations" and explains everything. All kinds of Stocks and Bonds wanted and new Government Loans supplied. Address Lawrence & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 57 Exchange Place, New York city.

FRAUD.

A WARNING.

POND'S EXTRACT HAS FOR MANY YEARS held a high place in the estimation of the public as an alleviator of pain and cure for all inflammatory diseases and hemorrhages. The large sale which it has acquired, and its deserved reputation among all classes, has induced some unprincipled persons to put up imitations under various names, even to call their weak and unreliable decoctions POND'S EXTRACT. In the face of the most stringent laws protecting our right to the sole use of the name of POND'S EXTRACT. Many druggists sell a solution which they call an Extract of Witch Hazel, and affix a label on the bottle "POND'S EXTRACT;" others represent their decoctions to their customers as being "the same as POND'S EXTRACT, as good as, or equal to POND'S EXTRACT," and some even have the effrontery to claim their preparations to be superior to POND'S EXTRACT. Any one who has used our Extract will be sadly disappointed if they purchase any preparation for the relief of their ailments but the genuine and long-established POND'S EXTRACT. See that the wrapper on the bottle has not been tampered with, and that the words POND'S EXTRACT are blown in the glass. Insist on having POND'S EXTRACT and you will not be disappointed. The warning is necessary not only to protect the rights of the company from being infringed, but also our many patrons from imposition and disappointment. POND'S EXTRACT is sold by all respectable druggists everywhere.

CORN AND HOGS.—After summing up the good and bad qualities of corn as a food for hogs, a leading agricultural journal says: Corn must still be our main dependance for fattening hogs; but for raising pigs and for breeding stock we must forsake the exclusive corn diet and depend more largely upon grass, vegetables, and other grains, mixed with our great staple—Indian corn.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE
Cured and Prevented
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA.
DIFFICULT BREATHING.
Relieved in a Few Minutes
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days will effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Blip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

A GOLD MEDAL

has been awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 to

CLARK'S

O. N. T.

Best SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON. It is celebrated for being STRONG, ELASTIC, and of UNIFORM STRENGTH. It has been awarded Medals at the great Expositions, from the first at Paris in 1855, to the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. In this country CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON is widely known in all sections for its Superior Excellence in Machine and Hand Sewing. Their Mills at Newark, N. J., and Paisley, Scotland, are the largest and most complete in the world. The entire process of manufacture is conducted under the most complete and careful supervision, and they claim for their American production at least an equal merit to that produced in Paisley Mills. As

NO GRAND PRIZES were awarded at Paris for SPOOL COTTON,

they are glad to announce to the American Public that they have been awarded a GOLD MEDAL, being the highest award given for Six-Cord Spool Cotton.

George A. Clark & Brother,
SOLE AGENTS,
400 Broadway, New York.

WITH

$5

you can buy an
Imperial Austrian 1864 Gov't. Bond,
which bonds are issued and secured by the Government and are redeemed in drawings
Four Times Annually
until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks.
THE THREE Highest Prizes AMOUNT TO
200,000 Florins, 20,000 Florins, 15,000 Florins.
And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than
200 FLORINS.
ONE FLORIN EQUAL TO 45 CTS. GOLD.
The next drawing takes place on the
2d of DECEMBER, 1878,
and every bond bought of us on or before the 2d of December is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Country orders sent in Registered Letters, and enclosing $5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address
INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
ATLANTIC SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.
In writing to us please state that you saw this in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Phila.

BIG PAY

CAN be made by selling our VISITING CARDS. Agents wanted in EVERY TOWN. All the latest styles. No money required until after you receive the cards and deliver them. Particulars free. Send 10 cents for our Mammoth Outfit, representing over 500 styles and commence at once. Address TURNER & Co., Ashland, Mass.

Just Published—SENT FREE.

Complete History of Wall Street Finance, containing valuable information for investors. Address, Baxter & Co., Publishers, 17 Wall street, N. Y.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $50 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address,
SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

FOR SALE—A well-paying Livery Stable. Price $4,250. Easy terms. Owner don't like Sunday business. An 115 acre farm ($4,000) for exchange for Western land. Circular of West Virginia lands free. Address
J. H. Brister, Martinsburg, W. Va.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & Co., E. Washington, Conn.

18 Chromo Cards, Shells, Mottoes, Cupids, etc., no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Dime Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

TO THE READERS OF THE POST.

Do You Want a Sewing Machine? If So, We will Furnish You with One at Actual Cost.

A GENUINE Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINE.

No Middleman. No Agent's Profits. No Special Discounts. No more three to five hundred per cent profit on the most useful article that ever was invented.

There is now no reason why every lady in America should not own a first-class A No. 1 Sewing Machine. We respectfully announce to our readers that we have entered into a contract which secures direct from the manufactory, without any Dealer's, Agent's, or Middleman's profit whatever, genuine GROVER & BAKER IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES, at $15.00 each. This is the same machine that is sold through dealers and listed at $65.00 each. This is the genuine and celebrated GROVER & BAKER machine, and is furnished complete in every particular, with Polished Black Walnut table and box cover, which locks down, and the iron work is elaborately finished in black and gold. It makes the strong and beautiful Elastic Stitch, the high reputation of which is the result of worth and long years of honorable service. This machine is almost noiseless; does its work easily, very rapidly, and with beautiful finish. However much the cloth may be stretched the stitch will not break. Washing and ironing will not impair the beauty or strength of this stitch. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY is easily produced with this machine. For sewing loose yielding or knit goods it has no equal. It takes the thread direct from the spools; no tedious winding of bobbins. It is made of the best material, in the best manner, by skilled laborers, and elegantly finished, and has always held the high and distinguished place ever accorded to true worth and merit. LADIES THIS IS THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO YOU. The number of machines which we can offer is limited, and we must receive your order at once as we cannot promise the machine after 30 DAYS from the date of this paper. Every machine is in perfect running order, carefully boxed and delivered FREE aboard cars or steamer. It can be sent by express or freight to any part of the United States. Payment in full must accompany order. Remit by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, or Bank Check. PERFECT SATISFACTION AND A COMPLETE SUBSTANTIATION OF EVERY STATEMENT MADE GUARANTEED, OR MONEY REFUNDED. Write your address plainly; be particular how to ship, by freight or express; don't fail to do this. Address the SATURDAY EVENING POST, 725 Sansom street, Phila. Order at once, N. B.—Each machine is mounted on patent rockers, for which most companies charge extra, and furnished FREE with one loose needles, assorted sizes, one oil can, one screw driver, one needle gauge and a book of full and complete instructions (explicit enough for a child to understand.)

Every Housekeeper Should Read This!

LINENS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS!

A LARGE STOCK.

That will be sold at prices greatly to the advantage of buyers for Hotels, Institutions and Boarding Schools.

Our Blankets at $5 per pair, extra large and soft, thick and warm, without being too heavy.

An elegant Blanket, sold last season at $22, now reduced to $15.50.

Blankets at all prices, from $1.50 upward.

Special importation Arctic and Goose Down Quilts.

ENGLISH MARSEILLES QUILTS.

Comfortable, our own make, filled with pure cotton, and hand-made.

Any one visiting the Grand Depot must be surprised at the enormous stock of

TABLE CLOTHS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.

It is true that our Stock is unusually large, but we believe we have the greatest variety in bargains ever offered in America.

Full selvedge Napkins, from $1 per dozen; 2½ yards long Table Cloths, from $1.50 each; heavy and large-size Huck Towels, 23c. each.

40-inch Pillow Linen, 31c per yard; 34-inch Unbleached Linen, 12½c. per yard; extra wide Swiss Towelling, 12½c. per yard.

Goods sent all over the United States.

Samples sent when written for.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

GRAND DEPOT, 13th ST., Phila.

CUT THIS OUT.
A GRAND OFFER!
SILVERWARE FREE FOR ALL

The Old Reliable ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., whose Metropolitan Headquarters are located at 258 and 260 Broadway, New York City, and Factory at Providence, R. I., have determined to introduce goods of their manufacture in every city and town in the United States and Canadas. To do this, we will present to each lady reader of this paper who will cut out and send us this certificate, one of our COIN PLATED SILVER SPOONS, with your initials or initials elegantly engraved on each spoon, the only charge will be 75 cents to defray expense of engraving name, packing and express charges. To avail yourself of this grand holiday offer, it will be necessary to cut out the attached Certificate No. 337, and forward it with 75 cents on or before February 1st, 1879, to the Royal Manufacturing Co., New York.

CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.

Certificate No. 337

It will not appear in this paper again.

On receipt of this Certificate, together with seventy-five cents in Currency, Silver or Postage Stamps we agree to hand engrave any two letter or initials as desired on a set (6) of our best quality Coin Plated Silver Spoons, and prepay all shipping charges to any point of the United States or Canada, provided this certificate is forwarded to us on or before Feb. 1st, 1879.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, N. Y.

We claim for our Silver Plated Ware that for durability and elegance of design we can not be excelled. We first heavily plate with nickle—the hardest white metal known—and then follow with a plating of pure Coin Silver, thus making the most durable plate yet discovered, and you will find by enquiry at any dealer, this quality and design of Ware we offer cannot be equaled at the price. Each spoon is stamped with our trade mark, and every article of our Table Cutlery our name is stamped and we have our designs copyrighted, thus preventing irresponsible and irresponsible dealers and advertisers from palming off an article of our manufacture at high prices. On the handle of each Spoon is a crown with the word ROYAL in the bend, and on the reverse side R. M. Co. is stamped. In addition to the above offer should you wish to order Knives, Forks or Table Spoons at the same time you order Tea Spoons, we will furnish any article or all of them at the following reduced prices, and prepay all shipping charges, viz.: 1 Solid Steel Knives, blade and handle one solid piece, but steel covered with a heavy plating of Nickle and Silver, $1.75; 1 Fork, $1 each; 6 Table Spoons, $5.50; or total for Knives, Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, $8.25. The Tablespoons and Forks are of the same size and of the same quality as the Tea Spoons, and will be engraved without extra cost, the Knives being of steel will not be engraved.

Remember we do not stamp your name, but have experienced workmen engrave your last name in full or initials as desired. We will not furnish any of the above goods at prices named unless accompanied by the above Certificate, as we only wish to send out a limited quantity as an advertisement, well knowing in any family we place one Table Ware it will be a standing advertisement for the sale of our other goods, a catalogue of which is mailed with each shipment.

As to our reliability we quote the following from our New York papers, and refer you to any responsible house in this city.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, is one of the most reliable, enterprising and responsible houses of this city."—Editorial American Farmer, N. Y., April 1878.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co. of this city have sustained a well earned reputation for reliability by sending out goods guaranteed to be exactly as represented, and by this means have secured not only the best goods at their remunerative figures but large dealers pay by wholesale."—Editorial Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 13, 1878.

"A representative of our paper was driven through the establishment of the Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, and was surprised at the handsome character of the goods sent at such extraordinary low prices."—The Independent, N. Y., June 20, 1878.

☞ In ordering give us full instructions how you wish your name engraved, and write your name plain and in full. If an express office is not in your town, we will send by mail. Postage stamps will be received at their face value. All letters ordering Silverware will be addressed to the

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, New York.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.
M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

SURE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS. Prescription Free to any person who will agree to pay $1, when a new growth of Hair, Whiskers or Mustache is actually produced. Sensible or no fee. 2 Clinton Place, New York.

75 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS AND NEW Years' Cards. (Original Designs.) No two alike. 15 pts. 1 cent stamps taken. D. THOMAS & Co., P. O. Box 1627 Phila.

CCC 20 Elegant Cards, flash, Oriental, &c., no 2 alike, & name 10c. Imperial Card Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

60 SNOWFLAKE, Etc., CARDS. 20 Styles with name, 10c. Post-paid stamps taken. W. R. MOORE, Brockport, N. Y.

40 Fine Cards, no two alike, name and fancy case, 10 cts. E. D. GILBERT, P. M. Higganum, Ct.

A 32 column monthly STORY PAPER one year and 50 GOLD LEAF CARDS, with name, in fancy case, 25 cts. EAGLE PRINTING CO., Springfield, Vt. FREE

18 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS with name, 10 cts., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U.S. Card Co, Northford, Conn.

50 Perfumed Snowflake and Chromo Cards, no two alike; name in gold or jet, 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

THE ENGRAVERS' MODEL CABINET. Free for stamp. G. C. LOEWENTHAL & Co 772 Sansom st.

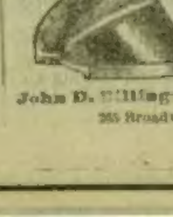
SCARCE GOODS, Books, Photos., etc. Sample & Catalogue, 2c. Paris Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

received the Highest Medal at the recent PARIS EXPOSITION, over all American competitors. Their FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET (30 Bones) fits with perfect ease, and is warranted not to break down over the hips. Their H'LTH CORSET, with its improved Busk, is now a greater favorite than ever. Their NURSING CORSET is the delight of every mother. For sale by all leading merchants.
WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

PIANOS AND ORGANS AT FACTORY PRICES. Great Reduction to close out present stock of 300 New and Second-hand Instruments of first-class makers, fully warranted, and at prices that DEFY COMPETITION, for cash or instalments. AGENTS WANTED for WATERS' SUPERIOR BELL ORGANS and PIANOS. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th-st., N. Y. Also General Agts. for SHONINGERS' Celebrated ORGANS.
C. J. HEPPE, AGENT,
Cor. Sixth and Thompson Sts., Phila., Pa.

A NEW AND PERFECT HORSE SHOE.



Made of welded Steel and Iron with countersunk calk.

Acknowledged to be the best shoe in the world. Prevents interfering. Lameness usually caused by shoeing entirely prevented by its use. Horses having quarter-cracks, tender feet, and Corns travel with ease. Trial set with nails sent on receipt of $1.00.
Send for free illustrated pamphlet to
The
John D. Billings Patent Horse Shoe Co.,
265 Broadway, New York.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it listeth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither, wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER I.

"How lovely Lady Crehylls looks to-night!" said a languid lady to her partner.

The gentleman raised his eye-glass, and glanced at the beautiful young mistress of Castle Crehylls with a faint interest.

"Yes," said he, "she is perfect; but hers is the beauty of grace, of elegance, of refinement—the beauty which grows naturally in a soil of wealth and happiness. Take these from her, and her face would lose its look of innocent joy, its childish roundness, its serene trustfulness, if I may so express myself, and I think it would soon grow careworn and prematurely old."

"Mr. Pellew, what strange ideas you have!" cried the lady. "How can you suppose it possible that Lady Crehylls will ever be touched by trouble—at least not for years to come—till, perhaps, in old age death may separate her from her husband or her children?"

"I have strange ideas at times," said Mr. Pellew, "and often, when I look at a face, I see, not its present soft outlines, but the shape it will wear at a harsher time, when sorrow and care have set their marks upon it."

"Sorrow and care, coupled with Lady Crehylls's name, seems to me utterly out of place," returned the lady. "Do you know, she is my pet model of happiness?—young, beautiful, and good, adored by her husband, idolised by her father, loved by her friends, and possessing, with all these gifts, the rank, position and honor which so many court. Where, again, can you find a woman whose surroundings and qualities combine so many blessings?"

"Nowhere, within the circle of my knowledge," replied Mr. Pellew. "Hence I grant her all this, and more, because she has also a most gentle nature. I take nothing from her prosperity or her happiness; I was speaking only of her beauty; I said it would not bear sorrow. I fear you ladies wander very much from the point."

"Sorrow!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, ignoring this last sentence; "and wherefore should she have sorrow? Why, Castle Crehylls in itself is enough to make any moderate woman happy. And think of all she has else! Look at that smiling, glorious boy, who has been handed round to all longing arms this night for kisses and caresses! And then there is Lord Crehylls—what a fine, handsome fellow he is! Why, every girl in the county envied Miss Lanyon when she married him. I tell you, Mr. Pellew, you must not put a single shadow in Lady Crehylls's lot when you speak of her to a woman."

"I will never do it when I speak of her to a man," said Mr. Pellew, smiling, "unless I wish to make a thousand enemies, for she is, to most men, the ideal and perfection of loveliness."

"And not to you?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"No, not to me," he replied.

"Then I should like to see your ideal," said the lady; "for you must be fastidious indeed."

At this moment a young and beautiful girl, seated alone in a recess formed by a bay window, rose abruptly, and crossed the room towards a doorway, where stood a white-haired old gentleman, with a pale and careworn face; and as the girl laid her hand on this gentleman's arm, and he started, and turned towards her with an indescribable, and sudden change in his whole aspect, Mr. Pellew, who had followed her with his eyes, said quietly to his companion, "There stands a lady, whose beauty will bear both time and sorrow. I could not allude to her before, because she sat too near us."

"Miss Sylvester!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert, in a disappointed voice. "Do you think her so very beautiful?"

"Yes, according to my idea of beauty," he replied; "because there is a face of power, of intellect, of will; and, moreover, it is a face capable of intense expression. As a tragic actress, she would be superb. Look, now, at the grace of her figure—it is the perfection of artistic beauty."

"But her face is a little hard," said Mrs. Gilbert.

"It is hard only as an Egyptian statue is hard," said Mr. Pellew,—"that is, not given to change; and I acknowledge there is something Egyptian altogether in her aspect; and, like Cleopatra, she will be as beautiful at forty as she is now at eighteen."

"How can you possibly tell that?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, incredulously.

"From the magnificence of her figure, and the passionless calm of her face," was the reply. "The first indicates a health perfect and lasting; the second betrays an extraordinary power of self-control. She will not tear her face to pieces with passion or with petty cares, as weaker women do. The waves of grief will beat against her health, her symmetry, her beauty, as against a rock; and Time's touch on her will be imperceptible, as on the Sphinx."

Mr. Pellew finished this sentence thoughtfully, and with his eyes fixed on the beautiful figure still standing opposite, set as in a frame by the Gothic doorway. Either he did not reflect how openly he was betraying his admiration of Miss Sylvester, or else he did not heed who knew it.

"You have certainly studied this young lady with great care," said Mrs. Gilbert, in a bantering tone.

"And without reading her," returned Maurice Pellew, with a certain sadness in his voice. "I have said there is something Egyptian in her aspect; but there is still a darker shadow of Egypt on her soul—that solemn, mysterious, ancient Egypt which is dead, and yet alive. This, to my fancy, is the symbol of Miss Sylvester's spirit. She is fateful, sombre, unchangeable, and in some phases, harsh and mysterious as those silent and mighty ruins which lie upon the Nile."

"Am I speaking to a poet?" said Mrs. Gilbert, with a little of that jealousy, which every woman feels on seeing another woman absorb the thoughts of a clever man.

"At twenty-four," replied Maurice Pellew, "if a man is not a poet, at least at heart, he must be a worthless fellow indeed; and in all my thoughts of woman, I mean to be a poet to my life's end."

Mrs. Gilbert smiled, appeased.

"After saying that, you may praise Miss Sylvester as much as you will," she said; "although I confess myself that I don't like her."

"Massive minds have great shadows," returned Maurice; "and evidently you are not fond of shadow. Now, in spite of ruggedness and shade, the sombre and the mighty please me. I detest pettiness of all kinds, even down to petty sins. If a woman wishes to be wicked, let her be grandly wicked; then one forgives her."

"Take care," cried Mrs. Gilbert, tapping him with her fan, "you are approaching dangerous ground. Should wickedness and Miss Sylvester be spoken of in the same breath? As a German might say, your words project on my mind the image of a woman, clothed in regal purple, dealing out death and cruelties with an unfaltering hand."

"But deeming it justice," said Maurice Pellew, quickly. Then he paused, and for a moment a deep gloom spread itself over his handsome face.

"Justice!" repeated Mrs. Gilbert. "Tyranny, cruelty, and revenge ever take that name. Kings and priests have slain and burned always with the cry of justice."

"You have taken the words from my lips," said Maurice, sadly. "I was thinking how possible it was, for a noble mind to be overthrown by a false idea of justice. I was remembering, in the history of the world, how the emblems of human justice have ever been the faggot, the axe, and the halter."

"And thought of all these *apropos* to Miss Sylvester!" asked Mrs. Gilbert, curiously.

Maurice Pellew laughed faintly, as he replied, "How is it, Mrs. Gilbert, that I always find myself talking confidentially to you? I think you married ladies gain more of a young man's thoughts in half an hour, than he would tell to his male friends in a month. And to prove this, I will explain why my thoughts were *apropos* to Miss Sylvester. I am studying for the bar, you know, and Miss Sylvester, being aware of this, often converses with me on jurisprudence. Thus I have discovered that her idea of justice has the grand equity of the heathen poet, or the Jewish lawgiver—'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' Stripe for stripe is her code, in short. Justice is to her a Nemesis, who pursues, overtakes, and avenges."

"I am inclined to think she is right there," replied Mrs. Gilbert.

"Poetically, even justly, speaking, she is so," said Maurice, uneasily. "But you would not have a woman take pleasure in that kind of justice?"

"You mean you would look for the softer qualities of mercy and pity in a woman's heart," said Mrs. Gilbert. "Well, if you have not found these in your ideal, I am really sorry for your misplaced admiration. Now I observe her again, I perceive she has not an amiable expression."

For a moment Mr. Pellew colored, then he laughed.

"You mean," said he, "that Miss Sylvester has not the usual simpering young lady look, and she is not very ready with her smiles. Fancy an Egyptian statue smiling!"

"Ah, I see nothing will chill your admiration," said the lady. "By the by, who is Miss Sylvester? I have never seen her at Crehylls before."

"She is the adopted daughter of Mr. Lanyon," returned Maurice. "She resides with him at his seat, Penkivel. She does not come often to Crehylls. I fancy she dislikes the place," he added, thoughtfully.

"An adopted daughter!" repeated Mrs. Gilbert. "The expression is delightfully vague; it really tells one nothing."

"I believe she is, in fact, a distant relative of the Lanyons," continued Mr. Pellew, a little coldly. At all events, Mr. Lanyon is her guardian, and she has been under his care since her early childhood."

"Oh, then you know all about her," responded Mrs. Gilbert. "Now, I can't imagine myself how she can be a relative; for, as an old Cornish family, the Lanyon pedigree is pretty well known in all its branches; and it is hard to fix upon Miss Sylvester's place on the family tree."

"Perhaps she has no place on it, Mrs. Gilbert," said Mr. Pellew. "She may be only the orphan daughter of a friend."

"Oh, I thought you knew," observed the lady, carelessly.

Her tone provoked Maurice Pellew, and long as he had known Mrs. Gilbert, and old friend as he counted her, he yet felt inclined to resent it.

"I have never inquired very particularly into Miss Sylvester's pedigree," he observed coldly; "but to oblige you, Mrs. Gilbert, I will certainly get well posted up in the matter of her genealogy by the next time we meet. There is not the slightest mystery, I can assure you, in Mr. Lanyon's way of speaking of his ward."

Mrs. Gilbert colored slightly, then laid her hand kindly on the young man's arm.

"Old friendship has its privileges," she said, "and I used mine to tell you that I hate mysteries. If I was mistaken, and there is none, I am glad. I suppose people know so little of this young lady, because she was educated abroad."

"She has only been abroad during the last three years, by her own wish, to study music," returned Maurice. "Have you heard her sing?"

"No," answered Mrs. Gilbert; "and I am not fond of Italian music."

Evidently she was determined not to sympathize in any way with his admiration for Miss Sylvester, and the young man continued the conversation in a tone of deeper pique.

"With Miss Sylvester's voice and genius, all music is beautiful," said he; "no matter of what country. And you are in error to suppose she has had a foreign education. She was brought up by a lady who resided near London, and Mr. Lanyon, as I well know, travelled thither every year to see her."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Gilbert, in a voice from which she extracted every expression of interest. "Don't you think Mr. Lanyon is looking very ill to-night?"

This last question was spoken kindly, and with a marked difference of accent. Her young friend bit his lip, but made no reply.

"He ages fast," resumed the lady; "and yet, you know, he is not an old man."

"I suppose he is sixty," said Maurice. "I never so worn a face. I was thinking of him when I said Lady Crehylls's beauty would not bear grief. You acknowledge she is very like her father?"

"A mere family likeness," replied Mrs. Gilbert, unwillingly. "I can never fancy her fair face worn into lines like his. And why he should look so careworn is a mystery; for, excepting the loss of his wife, sorrow has never touched him,—his whole life has been full of ease, comfort, and honor."

"Perfectly true," said Maurice; "yet you see the mere wear and tear of life has racked his face terribly."

"By Jove, you are right, young sir!" observed a jolly old gentleman, who had hobbled into the recess near them a moment or two before; "but it is entirely Lanyon's own fault. He has made himself an old man by his sedentary habits. Why has he given up hunting? why did he resign his commission as justice of the peace? There wasn't a more active magistrate on the bench, sir, than he was. I remember the time, when he was the hardest fellow amongst us against poachers and smugglers, and all sorts of scamps. Now that rascal Polgrain—and there isn't a greater smuggler going—may run a cargo under his very window, and he never says a word. Bless me, how he is changed! Why, my dear Mrs. Gilbert, you must surely recollect that singular and dreadful murder which he hunted out, and sifted to the bottom with such celerity, that the guilty man was taken, tried, and condemned in about three weeks."

"I recollect very little about it," replied Mrs. Gilbert, who still thought herself a belle; "I was such a mere child at the time."

"Ah," continued the old gentleman, gazing into her countenance with a look which took in her age to a month or two, "I should have thought you would have remembered it pretty well; the affair made such a fuss at the time."

"What were the circumstances?" asked Maurice. "I never heard them."

"I dare say not," replied the gentleman. "You must have been a boy, and perhaps the Cornish news scarcely travelled as far as your place. Well, it was a singular murder, and Mr. Lanyon was very active in searching it out. It happened just before the assizes, and some thought the trial could not come off then for want of sufficient evidence; but through Mr. Lanyon's zeal and ability, the prisoner was tried, and Mr. Lanyon was thanked by the Bench for the great pains he had taken to sift out the truth. Yet (will you believe it?) from that time he takes a disgust to his duties, and never acts as a magistrate again. We missed him, I assure you; for in those days some amongst us were hardly as wise as their wigs."

The old gentleman laughed, and hobbled away; but Maurice Pellew, who hardly cared to talk longer to Mrs. Gilbert, if she would not listen to his praise of Miss Sylvester, followed him, and took a seat by his side.

"Excuse me, Mr. Pydar," he said; "I am a stranger in this crowd, and therefore feel as though I had a right to bore a few people I know. This is my first visit to Castle Crehylls. What a noble pile it is."

"Ah it is worth looking at," replied the old justice. "Little boy Crehylls is born with a golden spoon in his mouth, isn't he? He'll have this place and Penkivel too. That is what puts all the women in ecstasies. Bless you! it dazzles 'em when they see a child whose cap might be a coronet, and who has parks and castles tacked on to his short frocks."

"True," observed Maurice Pellew, smiling; "but I think there is a little sentiment also in their admiration of the lucky youngster. Lord and Lady Crehylls are a very handsome and attached couple, and so popular in their county, that every heart is touched by their joy."

"Well, yes, one likes these old families to have a direct heir," remarked Mr. Pydar; "and the brother, young Mr. Crehylls, would be but a poor representative of his race. Do you know him?"

"Only slightly," replied Maurice; "but Lord and Lady Crehylls I have met often at Penkivel, where I have visited for some years."

"Then you knew her when she was Miss Lanyon, I suppose?" said Mr. Pydar.

"Yes," replied Maurice; "but I was acquainted with her father long before I had the pleasure of being introduced to his daughter. He used to come up to London often to see his ward, Miss Sylvester, and she, being at the same school with my sisters, was often invited by them to our town house. He called one day to thank us for this, and that is how my acquaintance with Mr Lanyon began."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The endless variety of materials in use for the season give the widest scope for the exercise of one's taste in extravagance as well as economy, for Dame Fashion seems to have had both of these influences in view when indulging in her creative talent and preparing the novelties and fantasies of dress which make her dominion so attractive; so that all who wander therein are quite willing to accept its dictation.

For those who can indulge their taste to an unlimited extent there are materials of the richest and most costly kind, and for those whose taste or desires find barriers beyond which they cannot step, the present styles allow much of the elaborate and rich material to be used, and yet with an economical result.

The combination of materials has been a beneficent act of the Dame, to whom is generally accorded the term extravagant.

Old dresses can be made as charming as new, and plain inexpensive materials have quite the air of the costly ones by the tasteful combinations of the present style, in which several materials are used in one dress.

Among the chief novelties, and one which will be greatly popular, are the "Pekins," which consists of closely set goods or stripes in distinct widths, in which many colors are carried out; or two shades of the same color, or all one shade; while the stripes may be both of silk or satin with silk or velvet, but the material must be striped. These vary in price from quite expensive to quite moderate rates.

With these are the brocadelli and jardiniere brocades, and embossed velvets on silk or satin ground.

As I have mentioned previously how these may be applied in combination with plain materials, my readers will see how much they have with which to carry out any plan of renovating old dresses, as well as making new ones. The rich or costly fabrics in this category have generally some less expensive counterpart.

We may judge from the continuance of these rich materials that the reign of the Princess robe is by no means at an end, nor likely to be so for some considerable time, as that style will be the foundation of the costume for an indefinite period. In the puffed skirts which are now worn to some extent, and which will be more in vogue as the season advances, the fulness is taken from the amplitude of the Princess robe, which is cut in accordance with this requirement.

The word panier as applied to the new dresses, is used to designate the draperies added on to the skirt in the following way: Take, for instance, a half square of lace or the figured material which has been combined with the dress, the two extremities are fastened in the middle of the front, under the point of the corsage under a bow of ribbon. The lace is then draped lightly round the figure, without having the appearance of enlarging it, then falls in the middle of the back forming a cascade composed of several puffings, and in accordance with the taste and skill of the artiste, for it must not be forgotten that true artistic talent is required to produce the really graceful effects often attained by modistes of the present day.

A toilet of the type in question is of garnet-colored satin and *mille Pekin*; the front of the skirt pleated in all its length, the back completed with a train of plain faille, garnet-colored, and bordered with a pleating of Pekin. The bodice has moderately deep basques, the front ornamented with a richly embroidered plastron terminating in a point, from which spring paniers of draped faille, fastened under bows of ribbon, the edges trimmed with embroidered bands and rich fringe. These draperies are carried round to the back, and fasten in the middle of the skirt, from which they form a large puff and then fall on the skirt.

Although basques and overskirts prevail in the new dresses, polonaises are not entirely excluded, but are generally worn with demi-trained skirts, instead of short ones. A pretty effect is given by having the fronts turned back in revers, and by inserting a plastron vest the whole length, in which the contrasting material is used.

A black cashmere polonaise has one of these vests of colored brocaded silk, the bottom of the plastron being concealed by an apron of cashmere trimmed with fringe. Down the sides where the apron stops are straight pieces fringed and tied in a knot, and left to hang down from the waist. The brocaded back is short but like a long basque, and the back of the skirt is covered with flounces.

Scotch plaid satin bands are also used to trim black cashmere polonaises, being used as plain bands, between which is a band of colored plush.

Black dresses will be as much worn as they have ever been, and appear successfully trimmed with colors. Pale blue and green brocade, and plaid blue and green velvet are very popular trimmings for black silk suits.

Black silk skirts are still the foundation of many costumes, but if the dress is meant to be very handsome, the pleating of this lower skirt is of black satin, or else the silk is covered as far as is visible with black velvet put on plain, without pleatings or frills. For midwinter this velvet skirt will be trimmed with a single band of fur.

Many of the small accessories, such as fans, vests, bags, purses, etc., are made of striped satin, to wear with striped silk costumes.

The shopping bags hung at the side are so popular that they are now made up of the dress material in checks, plaids, and other woolen goods, and are finished with nickel clasps and chains like those seen on black velvet bags.

Many dresses are trimmed on the corsage to match the skirt.

A straight piece of silk fringed on each end is passed around the back of the neck in easy folds, tied in a knot on each side of the front, and the ends left to hang down nearly to the belt. A similar piece, also knotted and fringed, is put down the second side seams of the skirt; in some instances the apron is turned back at the second seam so to give the effect of this knotted piece. Other basques fall open from the waist line down, and are trimmed from the top of the darts to the lower edge with bias brocaded silk; at the top this gives the neck the effect of a square, which is also finished out with a knotted piece like that just described, and the standing collar of brocade has a wire to hold it in place.

For house wear, sacques with loose fronts and half fitting backs are adopted, and are very convenient, for it utilizes a handsome passe silk skirt, which thus makes an elegant house dress. These sacques are sometimes made with a vest, which is of a contrasting material and color, and may be worn with any style of skirt.

Ladies abroad are hunting in the bric-a-brac shops in search of old rich brocade silks and embroideries, to be used for the long waist coats, such as were called "Gilets de Marquis." These silks are eagerly bought up, and, it is said, the dress is made for the waistcoat, rather than the waistcoat for the dress.

Probably there are many treasures of the same kind which could be brought to light from some attic in this country, among the carefully stored ancestral relics of days gone by, when the richly brocaded vest was one of the delights of the men of olden times, when powdered queue and velvet coats and knee buckles were the styles in vogue. So if any of my readers possess these heirlooms they are considered one of the *haules nouveautes* to be used as the waistcoat of a silk costume.

The most elegant evening toilets for young girls in Winter will be of white barege, with a profuse ornamentation of white satin pipings, and narrow folds.

White Indian muslin will also be employed for the same purpose, and for any one who has frequent occasion for wearing a toilet of this nature, nothing is prettier or more economical than a dress of white muslin, which may be made up again and again, and worn repeatedly without occasioning remark. The same cannot be said of a blue, or any other colored dress.

The small bonnets are of drawn satin; the drawings are arranged to go round and round, commencing from a point in the centre, and are very close together.

These bonnets are made in all shades of satin, and some consist entirely of chenille fringe arranged round and round on the shape; the manner of mounting is called *en colimacon*.

Mr. Wanamaker has many pretty bonnets made of plush of such bright colors as carbuncle red, pale blue, garnet, peacock, and of the shade of autumn green, that blends so happily with the favorite demi-saison costumes, which are a dark moss green.

The new veils are black tarvad net, speckled or dusted over with tinsel. They are worn in mask style, and also in scarves that cross behind the head and tie in the front. The small mask veils are, however, most liked, as everything about the new bonnets is compact and without streamers. These black and gilt veils are especially suitable with black velvet bonnets that are trimmed with old gold.

Jewelry is rich in many beautiful novelties. Foremost among these are diamond Marguerites and other flowers, composed of gems, set on quivering gold stems, which are employed for hair ornaments and trimble into a thousand brilliant corruscations of light and color with every motion of the head. There is also diamond lace—a reproduction of point lace in diamonds, upon fine silver wire—which costs $5,000 per yard. Bracelets, rings, and the like are mainly copies of antique forms, such as are seen in the Di Cesnola collection. A new fashion is that of wearing earrings composed of solitary stones of different kind and color. One, for instance, may be ruby and another opal, one sapphire and another diamond. In much better taste are the round, single pearls of large size, set and worn so that no gold is visible. The pretty lace pins are as fashionable as ever and show great skill and ingenuity in design. A roll of music, small fern leaves, a long half opened fan, a section of a modern fence, a golden key, a tiny broom with a golden mouse pendant to it, golden oars, spinning reels, fishing poles, whip handles with the cord twisted about them, are only a few of the many devices used for these pretty ornaments, which are so universally and constantly useful and at the same time so inexpensive as to have won a permanent place in the list of every lady's belongings. The new sets of earrings and pin are unobtrusive, and the brooch is always in the form of the slender lace pin, generally consisting of a bar of wrought gold, a gnarled or knotted stick, or a narrow band of mosaics, with only a gold rim. A small owl standing upright on a curled and slender twig is one of the new designs in earrings. The mosaics promise to be very fashionable and are of the finest workmanship.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Although I have given in the Fireside Chat several suggestions on the decoration of articles for home ornament, I have had frequent inquiries for advice on china decorating by scraps, which has not lost its charms, even though it has been so generally popular; so I think the following may prove acceptable to those who are not very familiar with the work.

A very good imitation of rare and expensive Indian china may be produced by this process. To imitate large china vases procure a large glass jar, or one of any size or pattern desired. Cleanse the jar thoroughly, and with some good oil color paint it inside and out the color that the ground of the china is desired to be—black, white, pale sea-green, red, etc.; when thoroughly dry, varnish the paint with two or three coats of the best varnish, to bring it to a good gloss and substance, allowing each coat to dry previous to adding the others.

Purchase at a first class upholsterer's some of the best and finest chintz, selecting colors and patterns suitable to the style of china to be copied; it will be best to get a small piece of several patterns, so as to mix them, the large with the small, but care must be taken that the same style of pattern is adhered to. A Chinese pattern must not be mixed with one suitable for French china, but Chinese flowers may be introduced among Chinese pagodas and landscapes.

Cut out the chintz with a fine pair of scissors, so as not to leave any of the ground-work of the material beyond the colors of the pattern; carefully gum the backs of the pieces cut out and stick them on the jar, being careful that the edges of the chintz are perfectly fixed, and the whole of each piece flat; press them with a soft dry handkerchief, and do not allow any moisture to injure the glaze of the chintz. When the pattern is all arranged, the jar must be again varnished all over (the chintz also) with copal varnish, and left to dry in a room free from dust.

Before the last coat of varnish is added, the handles, top and lower rims of the jar may be gilt with shell-gold, or painted a color different to that of the jar. The gold can be purchased at an artist's color-shop, either in the little mussel shells or saucers, and is applied with a moistened camel hair pencil.

The chintz patterns may also be touched with gold previous to the varnishing for some china.

Flower pots for the room, and any china or earthenware ornaments may be treated in the same way.

If painted the color of terra cotta, colored chintz, or patterns cut out in black paper, may be fixed to jars, etc., to give the appearance of Egyptian and Assyrian porcelain, but gold must not be added to these patterns.

Square earthenware summer house seats, and large onter garden pots, where chipped or worn, can be nicely renovated by this process.

Very large jars to fill the corners of the drawing room, when thus treated, look very well, the full clear outlines of the patterns of the chintz having a stronger and more defined effect than those produced by decalcomanie, or scraps.

If the jar is painted a blue-white, chintz of an entire blue patten should be used, without gold, and it will be well to take notice of the jars that are to be imitated, so as to arrange the patterns as near to those of china as possible.

French Polish for Furniture.—As this is the season for household renovation and cleaning, I am sure the following recipe for a good polish will be acceptable to your readers:

To one pint of spirits of wine add a quarter of an ounce of gum-copal, and a quarter of an ounce of gum arabic, and one ounce of shellac. Let the gums be well bruised and sifted through a piece of muslin. Put the spirits and gum together in a vessel that can be closely corked; place them near a warm stove, and frequently shake them; in two or three days they will be dissolved; strain the mixture through a piece of muslin, and keep it tightly corked for use.—*Old Housekeeper.*

Wall Pockets for Newspapers.—Materials—colored merino, stout cardboard, and a brass ring, and consists of a back part eleven and a half inches wide and twelve inches high in the centre, and slanting towards the sides, where it is nine inches high; the front part is nine inches high and the same width as the back. These parts are covered with the woollen reps or merino, the centre of the front part being decorated with a pretty design appliqued on; the pieces are joined together by a worsted cord, laced back and forwards, drawn close together at the bottom, and at the top a pinked out ruche of the merino, or a quilling of braid or ribbon is stretched across, making the opening between the pieces wide enough to slip in papers. The ruche trims the edge all around, and cords and tassels or bows on the four front corners, and at the top where it is suspended.

Lamp Screen.—This can be very prettily made with silver perforated board, green satin ribbon, and green paper. The six parts of the screen are cut of the silver perforated cardboard, each part is eight inches high, six inches wide at the bottom, and two inches wide at the top; these parts are lined with light green paper and bound with green satin ribbon. Cut a strip of the canvas through the middle, leave the adjoining row of holes, and paste this at the edge of the ribbon on the inner side of the sections. The upper and lower edge may be ornamented by another strip, cut through the holes so as to form a scalloped piece, and pasted on the edge. Connect the parts with overhand stitches, trim with ribbon bows at the top and bottom of each seam.—*Old Subscriber.*

Knitted Shetland Wool Cloud.—You published an inquiry for the above some time ago, and as I have just finished a very pretty one I send you the directions to make one, which I hope you will consider worth publishing in the Fireside Chat:

Knitting needles No. 4. 2 oz. of wool; cast on 150 stitches for the width of the cloud; knit two plain rows. Third row—Slip 1, make 1, knit 4, knit 3 together, knit 4, repeat from *. Fourth row—Knit plain quite round. Fifth row—Like the third. Repeat these two rows three more times, then repeat again, working each stitch in each row with the wool twice round the needle, in the following row work in the same manner; this will give the appearance of a fine thick stripe, and a very open one, without changing the needles.—*Margaret B.*

Veal Cutlets with Macaroni.—I send you for the Fireside Chat a delicious recipe for veal cutlets, which makes a very appetizing dish:

Dip the veal cutlets into liquefied butter, then roll them in equal parts of Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs, and pepper and salt to taste. When the breadcrumbing is quite set, dip the cutlets in egg, and again cover them with Parmesan and breadcrumbs. Let them stand for a couple of hours, then fry them a nice color in butter. Boil a small quantity of macaroni in the usual way, dress it with some butter and plenty of tomato sauce into which the yolk of an egg has been stirred, and sprinkle it freely with Parmesan cheese. Lay the macaroni in the middle of the dish, the cutlets round, and serve.—*Good Cook.*

Curried Rabbit.—As many of our country friends are fond of rabbit prepared in different ways, I would recommend the following recipe as a very good one:

Put into a saucepan two ounces of butter and a couple of onions finely sliced; add a quarter of a pound of bacon cut in thin strips, and a rabbit cut up into neat pieces. Toss the whole on the fire until the pieces of rabbit are slightly browned, then sprinkle over them a heaped tablespoonful of curry powder and as much flour; moisten with two cupfuls of stock, add salt to taste, and let the curry simmer for about an hour. Lay the pieces of rabbit on a dish within a border of plain boiled rice, skim the sauce, stir into it off the fire the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and pour it over the rabbit and serve.

Will some one of the readers of our Fireside Chat send to "Lillie" some suggestions on making a "rockery."

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

SCRIBBLER (Phila.)—The power of a deputy sheriff is the same as a sheriff's.

SAM (Orange, N. Y.)—Aline is probably the feminine of Alanus, a favorite name in the middle ages.

C. A. (Camden, N. J.)—It is no disgrace to be an old maid, but it may be disgraceful for an old maid to think it to be one.

NON COMPOS (Phila.)—You can no doubt leave your situation when you like; but your writing is not good enough for a clerk's situation.

OLIVER (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The term "garotting" is from the spanish "garotte," an instrument of death, with which State criminals are despatched there.

CLARA (San Benito, Cal.)—Marry the man whom your heart, common sense and parents approve. If such a one has not yet been discovered wait a little longer.

O. O. (Bates, Mo.)—If books are kept in a clean, dry room, and protected from dust, the backs and sides will remain uninjured for a long number of years.

X. Z. (Cache, Utah.)—Consult your friends; they would procure all the information that you would require, and it would be of more service to you than any we could give.

HELEN (Grand Traverse, Mich.)—Cannot you make some concession in order to win him back again? If he means well he will not desert you for the sake of a light quarrel.

STAGE (Phila.)—The tragedy of "Fazio" was written in 1815, by Henry Hart Milman, a distinguished English author, who was born in London, Feb. 10, 1791, and died there in 1868.

N. (Addison, Vt.)—We know of no cure for blushing but confidence or indifference. People blush when they are anxious about what they should say, or how to act. The blushing ceases with the anxiety.

MORROW (Palermo, N. Y.)—If the wife obtains a divorce in consequence of the infidelity of the husband, he cannot, in your State, legally marry again. But if the divorce is for other cause, he can again become a husband.

BONNE (Muhlenburgh, Ky.)—Moderate exercise is essential to the growth of the human body. Any of the field sports may be recommended. The gymnasium is excellent for developing the muscles of the arms, loins and chest.

PENUMBRA (Phila.)—Eclipses return in the very same order every eighteen years and eleven days, supposing four leap years in the interval; and, if five, then ten days. Other cycles of motion, however, vary the phenomenon or measure.

S. H. (Linn, Iowa.)—A sincere apology should be accepted with courtesy. The best of us are liable to err, and all that an erring mortal can do is to repent and make reparation. You should remember the old proverb: "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

L. R. (Auburn, N. Y.)—You are privileged to wear what you please on a wedding tour, and a black suit would be as good as anything else. Fashion, however in the higher circles rules the matters, and a travelling costume of some lighter shade is usually adopted.

LULA BELL (Jasper, Mo.)—The founder of the Glassite sect was John Glass, a Scotch minister opposed to all national establishments of religion. To set forth the tenets of the sect would require more space than we could spare. It never exis ed we believe in this country.

ALGERNON (Somerset, Me.)—We do not remember having met with the poem of the name of "Margaret," or rather we have met with so many that we don't know which you mean.

"'Twas the battle-field and the cold pale moon," is the first line of a poem written by Miss L. E. Landon.

TOPSY (Chicago, Ill.)—In one sense you are quite right as is also your friend. A Representative must be a Congressman, but a Senator is also a Congressman, although not a member of the House of Representatives. In general conversation, however, when a Congressman is referred to a Representative is understood.

APPEAL (Faulkner, Ark.)—Love on and wait patiently. Young people always imagine when anything interferes with their affections that all is lost—"happiness fled forever," and all that sort of thing; whereas, the truth may be that they were never more so at the very time they are whimpering the loudest.

EM. (Moore, N. C.)—You were wrong in the first instance to allow the young gentleman to form your acquaintance without a proper introduction. That he should behave coldly and distantly towards you must be taken as a proof that he really does not care for you as much as at first sight he thought he might. You should do all you can to banish him from your thoughts.

J. K. GREEN (Dakota).—The emotions are feelings which lie on the outer surface of the nature, and respond even more rapidly and completely to the influence of external circumstances and impressions than to those behests which come from within. Passions are, so to say, impulsive feelings produced by the organism or states of mind. The latter are more directly physical properties, the former, susceptibilities.

JESSIE L. (Manatee, Fla.)—If the young gentleman will persist in annoying you with his protestations of love and offers of marriage, notwithstanding your repeated requests for him to cease, you should refuse to see him at all, and if he forces himself in to your presence then have him removed. You probably have some masculine relative on whom you could depend to rid you of such a troublesome acquaintance.

UNHAPPY (Fentress, Tenn.)—As you have both arrived at years of discretion, and ought fully to know your own minds, you have neither any right to be biassed by the opinion of a sister. You should act like a man, and firmly, but insist upon a definite explanation; by acting in this manner you will soon overcome the trouble which at present embarrasses you, and we have no doubt the lady in question will listen to reason.

S. (Greene, Ill.)—Rise early, take moderate exercise, eat sparingly, and only of such food as will suit your stomach; be temperate in your diet, drink no spirituous spirits, study very little for some time, and indulge in all the innocent amusement you can command, and depend upon it in time your nervous affection will disappear. Derangement of the functions of the stomach is the cause of the greater portion of the disorders under the name of "nervous affections."

CEPHAS (Baltimore, Md.)—You are singularly selfish to seek to break such a solemn compact as a marriage engagement because some of the girl's relations have done improper things, for which she is not to blame. In such days of sorrow and distress, you should be all the more affectionate and true, and help your affianced wife to bear the burden which has been cast upon her; instead of trying to sneak off under cover of such a flimsy, lame excuse.

MILLY (Marietta, Pa.)—It is better not to try to show an interest which is not felt in the future; but it certainly seems strange that a woman who is about to become a wife should not display some interest in the domestic arrangements. The prospective husband must of course be at a loss to understand such apathy. Possibly the prospect is distasteful. If that be the fact, speak out plainly before marriage, and spare both parties life-long disappointment.

COUSIN (Carlisle, Mass.)—The matter of the marriage of cousins resolves itself to this: There is the danger when relatives marry they will transmit in an aggravated form the diseases they have in common. If, however, they are of strong mental and bodily health, come of a vigorous stock, and are very much in love with each other, they may perhaps marry without harm following. There are many other women for you to fall in love with besides your fair cousin are there not?

F. M. (Ashland, O.)—There are innumerable sepulchral monuments which give the exact representation of a lady's dress in times as early as the fifteenth century. The full length figure of Queen Berengaria, from her tomb in the Abbey de l'Espan in France, shows that it fits like our dresses now, cut round in the neck, not low, and without panniers—straight down with long sleeves. Hair worn with side crimps and in a gold net. There are many perfect costumes such as this on Norman tombs.

MAUD (Orange, N. Y.)—If the young man, in spite of your requests, persists in flirting with other ladies, and you can't help feeling bad over it, and all other plans have failed, suppose you try the same course yourself. It is hardly the thing to recommend, but when other means are useless an heroic remedy of such kind may bring him to terms. However they may be nothing is to be attained by telling that absent nincy you, and it is barely possible that you are somewhat too exacting. But if you feel certain this is not the case, as an experiment try indifference awhile, and if it produces no good result administer some of his own treatment.

J. WATON (Erie, Pa.)—An emperor is commonly but erroneously regarded as higher than a king; he is supposed to have kings, as it were, under him, as the Queen of England, or Empress of India, has beneath her sway certain subject native princes owning hereditary allegiance. Actually, an emperor is simply imperator, the chief commander of the army—the dux, or duke, leader, and most powerful man in a commonwealth, as in that of the Romans,—or king. A king has the older and better title; he is rex, the ruler in civil as well as in military matters. Imperator, or emperor, was the higher form of dictatorr; he had a great military force at his command. When Cæsar chose to subvert the state of Rome and take upon himself a dangerous autocracy—he dared not accept the crown and assume the title of king—which Rome hated, and had proscribed for 700 years. His success as emperor made other assume his name; they were called Cæsar. The Austrians call their emperor "kaiser," the Russians call theirs "czar," the Bohemian title also. Emperor simply became the higher dignity, as super or king, upon the German princes placing one, whom they elected from among themselves, as the head of all.

L. (Duncannon, Pa.)—If the lady upon whom you call is not at home, and you leave your card, no message of any kind is necessary. The card indicates the visit, and the turning down a particular corner of the card, the character of the visit. 2. If you have at any time called upon the young lady, and nothing has happened to prevent you still being on visiting terms, you might call and ask her to introduce you to the visiting stranger. This would be quite correct, and indeed is the only way we see in which it could be done. 3. If acquainted with both parties, or introduced to the gentleman visitor, she may remain if her lady friend insists upon it. But when the visit is a particular one, her good taste would suggest withdrawal as soon as possible. 4. If the lady did not ask you to call and see her it would seem like a violation of the proprieties to visit her even in the general calling of New Year's day. If you desire to become on visiting terms it is certainly possible for you to manage it in some other way less exceptionable and less liable to misconstruction than this. 5. When acting as escort to a lady simply offer her your arm. If she thinks it worth while she will take it. When mere friends, even after night, all young ladies do not think it proper to take a young gentleman's arm, and if she seems to be of this way of thinking, of course you will not insist upon her taking it.